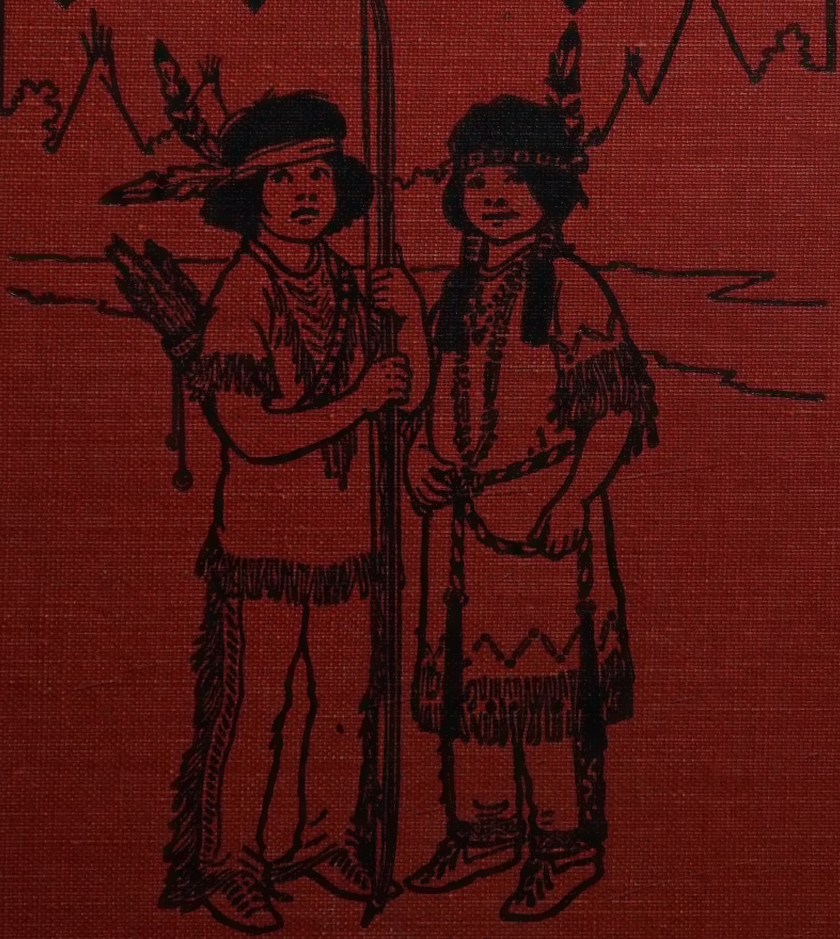
The Indian Twins



Lucy Fitch Perkins

School Edition

THE INDIAN TWINS

By Lucy Fitch Perkins

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

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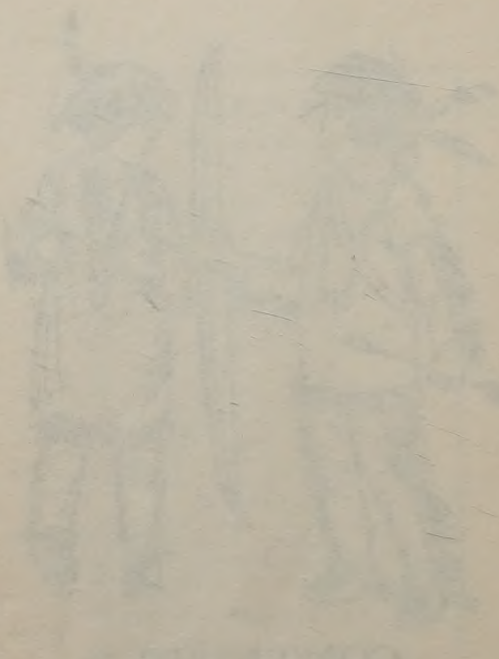


I

MORNING IN THE TEPEE

I

MORNING IN THE TEPEE

Very early one cold March morning long ago, the great round moon looked down out of the sky upon a little Indian village beside a river far away among the hills of the great Northwest.

To the moon it must have seemed as if the whole world were asleep, it lay so still in the pale light.

There was not a sound from the forests that covered the hillsides.

There was not a sound from the circle of buffalo-skin tents that stood beside the flowing river. Not even a dog barked.

But however it may have seemed

to the moon, the whole world was not asleep after all.

Down in the forests bears were waking very hungry from their long winter's nap.

Antelopes were roaming over the bare hillsides in search of food. Wolves prowled out of sight among the trees, seeking a chance to dash out at them. Deer hid in the thickets for fear of the wolves, and far out on the plains great herds of buffalo fed quietly on the dry prairie grass.

Nor was every one asleep in the buffalo-skin tents of the village standing so quietly beside the flowing river.

In the largest tepee* of all, Beaver

* Tepee is the Indians' name for the tents in which they live.

Boy, the young son of Chief Two Bears, was wide awake.

He did not know what made his black eyes pop open so suddenly in the still darkness. He only knew that there he was, snug and warm in his bearskin bed, and just as wide awake as a little owl.

For a while he lay still and stared up at the sky: he could see it through the smoke hole at the top of the tepee.

The sky was deep dark blue, all spangled with stars.

One little star winked down at him. Beaver Boy winked back.

He was very friendly with the stars, and with the sun and moon, and with the rain, too, for that matter.

Beaver Boy listened. He could hear little near-by sounds that the

moon — so far away — could not hear.

He heard the breeze whispering in the pines.

He heard the water rippling over stones in the flowing river.

He heard the gentle crooning of the wind among swaying branches of bare trees.

All these little sounds were singing him to sleep again in his cozy bed, and his eyes were almost shut, when suddenly, far away in the woods, he heard another sound.

It was not soft like the wind in the trees.

It was not gentle like the ripple of water in the flowing river.

It was the howl of a hungry wolf!

Beaver Boy was wide awake again in an instant. He had heard this

sound many times, and it always made little shivers run down his back clear to his toes.

He felt the hair lift in the back of his neck where the shivers begin, and he snuggled deeper down under the bearskin coverlet of his bed. He shut his eyes tight and lay very still, but he could not help thinking about the dark, dark shadows under the trees in the woods and about the bears and wolves that he knew were wandering about among them. He could almost see their eyes glaring at him out of the darkness.

More than anything else in the world Beaver Boy wanted to be brave, but he was only eight years old and he didn't like to hear the wolves howl.

"I'm not afraid," said Beaver Boy to himself. "I'm a brave boy! My

father is a great Chief. One day he killed two bears! My father is not afraid of bears. He is not afraid of wolves. He's not even afraid of the Ojibways. He's not afraid of anything at all, and I'm not afraid, too!"

Just as he was saying these things to himself the wolves howled again, and this time the sound was nearer.

"I-I-I'm *not* afraid," Beaver Boy said to himself. "I'm not afraid at all, but I almost know I am a little bit lonesome. I should like to see my father. I-I think maybe he'd like to have me get into his bed with him for a little while. Maybe he is lonesome, too!"

He was just about to crawl out of his robes, when all of a sudden he remembered that his father was

not in his bed on the other side of the tepee at all. He was not even in the village. He had gone away with all the other fathers on the spring fur hunt.

There was no one left in the buffalo-skin tents of the village but old men, women, and children.

When he remembered, Beaver Boy felt lonesomer and lonesomer, and more and more afraid.

"I believe I'll creep under my mother's blanket," he thought to himself. "She is only a woman, and I'm almost sure she would feel more safe if I were with her, even if old Wicaka is there to guard the door! If I am with her, she will not be afraid at all! Of course I'm not af-f-fraid myself. Not at all!"

He sat up in bed shivering.

The fire in the middle of the earth floor had burned down to one bright coal.

It shone out of the darkness like a fierce red eye. By its dim light Beaver Boy was astonished to see that his mother's place, too, was empty.

Then he saw that Wicaka, their faithful old dog, was gone from his place beside the door.

And even that was not all that Beaver Boy saw.

He saw two feet that belonged

neither to his father nor to his mother sticking out toward the fire from the blackness on the other side of the tepee!

Beaver Boy's teeth chattered and he wanted to scream, but though he was frightened, he remembered that little Indian children must never, never cry, especially in the night, because the noise might tell their enemies just where to find them, if any enemies should be lurking about.

He sat still and stared at the strange feet with his black tousle of hair standing on end and great big shivers just chasing each other down his back.

Whose feet were they? Could they be the feet of an Ojibway scout? The Ojibways were the enemies they

feared most of all. His mother and Wicaka, where were they? Oh, where were they? Where was Pigeon, his plump little twin sister whose furry bed was right beside his own? Was she gone, too? He clutched at the deerskin robe that covered her.

Yes, Pigeon was there, and when she felt something clutch her by the hair Pigeon woke up.

She did not wait to find out what it was — she didn't remember that little Indian children must never, never cry — she just opened her mouth wide and let out one great, big, round scream.

"Oo-ow," she shrieked. Before she could catch her breath for another scream Beaver Boy seized her by the nose with one hand and clapped his other hand tightly over her mouth.

"N-n-n," roared Pigeon. She was trying to say "Ina," which was their word for mother.

Beaver Boy was surprised that so much noise could come out of Pigeon when she was so tightly corked up.

"Keep still," he whispered, giving her nose an extra tweak, and Pigeon, out of one breath and with no way of getting another, kept still.

Then Beaver Boy let go of her nose as suddenly as he had seized it, for the instant Pigeon screamed, the feet on the other side of the fire drew themselves up, a black head rose out of the fur robes, and there right before his astonished eyes Beaver Boy saw his young uncle, Red Feather, a boy about twelve years old.

"What's the matter with you?" said Red Feather in a low voice, look-

ing sternly at Beaver Boy. "Don't you know you must never yell like that? You'll have the whole tribe around your ears! They'll think it's an Ojibway raid, as like as not!"

"I didn't scream," said Beaver Boy. "It was my sister. I tried to stop her."

Pigeon wriggled out from under the deerskin robe and sat up, nursing her injured nose. She pointed her finger at Beaver Boy. "You'd scream if somebody grabbed you by the hair when you were sound asleep!" she cried. "You were scared yourself! I know you were! That's why you grabbed me!"

Beaver Boy hung his head and didn't say a word, because he knew this was true and he was ashamed.

Then Pigeon looked across the te-

pee, and she too saw that her mother's place was empty.

Her eyes grew big and round.

"What are you here for?" she said to Red Feather. "Where is my mother?"

Red Feather reached over and took three sticks from a pile of pine knots under the edge of the tepee.

He poked the fire and laid the sticks and some pine cones on the one red coal.

A little blaze sprang up and lit the inside of the tepee with a cheerful glow.

It made great shadows of Beaver Boy, Red Feather, and Pigeon dance on the buffalo-hide covers of the tent.

"Your mother is all right," said Red Feather at last.

"She's gone to my mother's tepee.

Wicaka went with her. She won't come back again right away, but when she comes she'll bring something with her. She sent me here to stay with you, and she said you were to do just what I say."

Beaver Boy didn't mind a bit doing just what Red Feather said, because he thought Red Feather was the most wonderful boy in the whole world.

He thought that because, though he was only twelve years old, Red Feather had already killed two deer, and had been on one hunt with the men.

Pigeon thought Red Feather was wonderful, too. But then, Pigeon's mother had taught her that boys and men were always much more wonderful than any girl or woman could ever be.

"What will Mother bring home with her when she comes?" asked Pigeon.

"She didn't tell me," said Red Feather, looking very wise, "but she says you will like it."

Beaver Boy and Pigeon both began at once to think what their mother could possibly bring home that they would like, and the very first thing they thought of was something to eat.

You see, it was still winter weather, though it was the first of March.

The snow lay in great patches on the hillsides and covered the ground under the trees.

Food had been scarce in the village for five whole days because all the best hunters were away, so it was no wonder that Beaver Boy and Pigeon both thought about food the very first thing.

"I think Mother will bring home a deer," said Pigeon hopefully. Pigeon loved venison better than anything else in the world, except her father and mother and brother, of course.

"Bear's meat!" cried Beaver Boy. "The men are coming home from the hunt!"

"Wrong," said Red Feather. "If she had any meat, she'd give it to us right away. She wouldn't wait! She told me we must find food for ourselves until the men get back, because there's nothing left! Even the wasna is all gone!"

"Nothing at all?" gasped Pigeon.

She looked exactly as if she were going to cry again, and Beaver Boy looked very solemn, too.

To wake up in the night and hear

wolves howling and find your father and mother both gone and no food is enough to make any one want to cry.

Pigeon was just about to open her mouth and begin, when she remembered that Beaver Boy would certainly pinch her nose if she did.

She put her face down and smothered a sob in the deerskin coverlet of her bed.

Beaver Boy swallowed a large lump in his throat and winked very fast. Then he said, "Maybe — perhaps — I'm almost sure — there's one bag of wasna left! I'm going to hunt around and see!"

Wasna is a kind of hash made of meat pounded fine and mixed with wild cherries, and Beaver Boy and Pigeon liked it as much as we like cake. Their mother cooked it and

put it away in bags in the summer time, when food was plentiful. Then in winter, when game was scarce, they never lacked food so long as there were bags of wasna left.

Now the reason Beaver Boy was so sure there might be one bag of wasna left was this:

One day, when the snow was so deep they had to stay in the tepee all day long, he had begged his mother for some wasna, and she had said no, that it must be saved until they were really hungry. And Beaver Boy, when his mother wasn't looking, had hidden a bag far down under the edge of the tepee! He thought perhaps he might be really hungry much sooner than his mother thought he was!

Now he remembered it. He rolled out of his bearskin bed and began to

rummage about among the heap of skin bags in which they kept their most precious possessions.

He pulled out the bag that held his deerskin suit trimmed with red porcupine quills, and the bag that had Pigeon's doeskin dress embroidered with beads wrapped in it.

He pushed aside a pile of folded bearskins; then, lying on his stomach, he burrowed far under the edge of the tepee.

Pigeon watched him anxiously, and so did Red Feather.

"I've got it! I've got it!" cried Beaver Boy. "I knew it was there!"

"Keep quiet, I tell you!" whispered Red Feather. "You'll have all the dogs going at once and the whole village out looking for you if you don't keep still."

Beaver Boy backed out on all fours from under the edge of the tepee and held up the precious bag.

"It isn't time to eat yet," said Red Feather, as if food didn't matter in the least to a man of his endurance, but he eyed the bag hungrily just the same.

"Oh, come on! Let's eat now!" begged Beaver Boy; "then we can go out early to hunt for something more to eat."

Pigeon didn't say a word. She just reached for the bag, and began to open it!

"We'll get enough to eat, never fear," said Red Feather importantly. "Don't forget that I'm here!"

"I am here, too," said Beaver Boy. "I'm a pretty good hunter. Once I shot a frog — but he hopped away!"

Red Feather chuckled down in his throat. Then he whispered, "I'll just take a look at the weather first and see if it's going to be a good day for hunting."

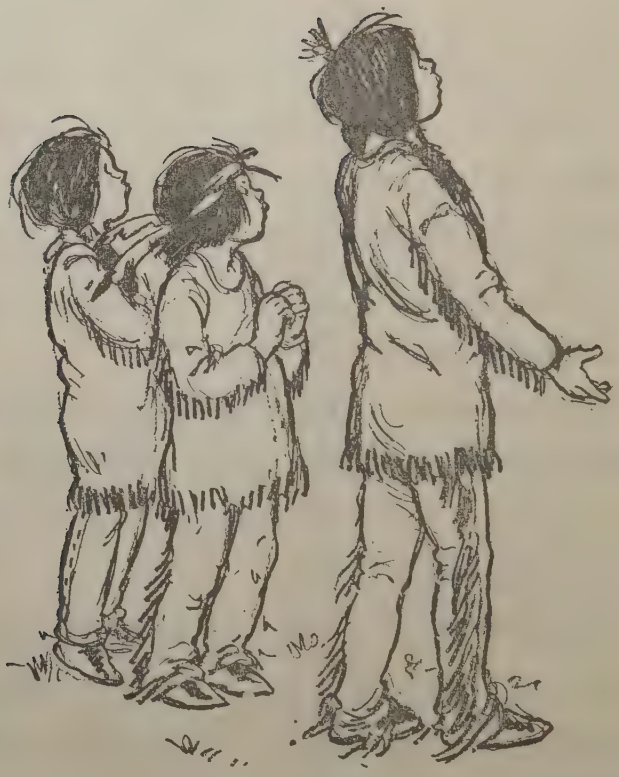
He got up, opened the flap of the tent, and crawled outside. In a moment he stuck his head back in and beckoned to the Twins.

Beaver Boy and Pigeon slept in their clothes, so they scrambled quietly out of bed at once and followed Red Feather.

They found him standing beside the tepee, facing the east and looking at the morning star, which hung like a beautiful jewel in the sky.

Far away, above the eastern hills, they could see through the trees a faint streak of pink.

"The sun will soon be coming up,"



murmured Red Feather, "and it's going to be a fine day."

For a moment the three children stood still, looking at the stars and

whispering a little prayer of thanks to the Great Spirit, as they were taught to do every day.

Then they all three slipped quietly back into the tepee, and a few minutes later every crumb of that last little bag of wasna was gone.

Robin and Little Eagle.

Bluebird and Fox Foot

II
THE TWINS GO HUNTING

II

THE TWINS GO HUNTING

While they were eating, Pigeon said, "I am going to see my mother just as soon as it's daylight."

"No, you're not," said Red Feather. "Not yet. My mother said to keep away from her lodge until the sun was high up in the sky."

Red Feather's mother was the Twins' grandmother, you see, and she lived on the other side of the village. She always put up her tepee as far away from the tent of Chief Two Bears as she could. That was because among the Indians it is not polite for a man to speak to his wife's mother, nor for her to speak to him or even look at him.

The children thought it strange that they could not run to their grandmother's tepee whenever they wished, just as they did every other day, but they also knew that they must mind Red Feather. So they didn't even tease. They knew it wouldn't be a bit of use. Instead they folded away their furry blankets without a word and covered the fire with ashes.

Then Beaver Boy got out his new red bow and hung a quiver full of arrows over his shoulder.

Little Indian girls usually play together, or help their mothers about the tepee, but Pigeon nearly always wanted to do whatever Beaver Boy did, and because she was his twin sister, and because twins were thought to be more wonderful than the other children of the tribe, she had always

been allowed to do as she pleased. So, when she saw her brother getting ready to go hunting with Red Feather, she said, "If I can't go to see my mother, I'm going hunting with you."

"All right," said Red Feather, "you may go if you keep still, but you let out one of those screams of yours, and back you'll come alone."

Pigeon shut her mouth tight.

"The dogs will follow us if we make the least bit of noise, and I don't want them along," whispered Red Feather. "I want to get some chipmunks, and you can't hunt them with dogs."

Pigeon nodded violently without saying a word.

She got out her own little bow and blunt-headed arrows, and they were all three ready to start.

"Hush! Still as a mouse now,"

breathed Red Feather as he opened the tent flap and stepped softly out into the moonlight.

The Twins tiptoed after him as quietly as a caterpillar climbing a grass blade.

Down into the dark shadows under the trees they crept, following close behind Red Feather, and soon they reached the little path beside the river.

Here they turned and followed the river upstream.

The moon was just slipping down behind the western hills.

By its waning light the tents of the village showed like gray ghosts among the dark trees as they passed.

From the top of their grandmother's tepee a thread of smoke rose toward the sky.

Pigeon saw it, and it made her want

so much to peep through the tent flap and see her mother that she stopped a moment to look at the smoke.

Red Feather and Beaver Boy didn't stop; they went right on. They didn't even notice that Pigeon was not behind them, and when she turned back again to the path, the shadows had swallowed them both up, and she was alone in the dark woods.

For a moment she stood still and listened, but their footfalls made no sound. She wanted to call to them, but she remembered what Red Feather had said about screaming. She was afraid to stay where she was and afraid to go on. She felt great big sobs coming, and, because Beaver Boy wasn't there to do it for her, she shut her mouth tight and held her own nose to keep from crying aloud

and ran up the dark pathway alone.

She had not gone far when she tripped over a wild grapevine and fell flat, and, at that very moment, from a tree right over her head there came a loud "Hoo-hoo-hoo!"

Poor little Pigeon lay perfectly still on the ground and hoped she looked like a stump, or a bush, or anything in the whole world except a dreadfully scared little girl.

It was no wonder she was afraid.

She knew very well that this was the sound made by Indians on the warpath, and she knew, too, that the Ojibways (who were their worst enemies) always made their raids very early in the morning. There was never a day of the world when that might not happen in any Indian village.

"Maybe it's an owl," she thought to herself, her teeth chattering, "and maybe it's the Ojibways! Oh, why did I ever say I wanted to go hunting with the boys?"

She clutched her little bow and arrows tight and waited, too frightened to move.

"Hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo!" came the cry again.

"It must be old Hini-Kaga,[1] the owl," thought Pigeon. "It must be, because the sound is right over my head."

She took a cautious peep at the trees about her.

"There couldn't be any Ojibways up in these trees — they're too small," she said to herself. She got slowly to her feet, her heart thumping like an

[1] Pronounced He-nuh'-Ka-gha.

Indian drum, and made herself look up into the branches.

There, on a limb above her head, she could just make out a fat fluff of feathers with two round eyes staring at her.

Pigeon shook in her moccasins. She

was almost as much afraid of an owl as of an Ojibway scout.

She had heard dreadful stories of owls that flew down and snatched away children and never brought them back.

The owl sat still on his perch and looked solemnly down at Pigeon without winking.

Pigeon looked up at the owl, and if her black hair had not been tied in two little wisps, I am sure it would have stood straight up on end. For what seemed to her about two hours, the two stood and stared at each other and neither one of them said a word, though the owl looked as if he had a great deal on his mind that he would like to say if he could just think of it.

The morning light was now growing stronger and stronger. Pigeon tip-

toed quietly out from under the tree and sped away up the path as fast as her legs could carry her, never once looking behind her.

The pink streak that they had seen through the trees when they left the tepee had now grown to a great blaze of golden light, filling the whole eastern sky with splendor. Pigeon stopped to catch her breath and to watch the sun as it climbed up over the hills beyond the river.

In a distant marsh the frogs were croaking, and high overhead she heard the honking of wild geese flying northward.

Though she was such a little girl, Pigeon knew that wild geese flying north and the croaking of frogs meant that spring would soon come. She stood still to listen and to watch the

big birds that looked so small winging their way so far above her in the golden sky.

And as she stood there she heard another sound — a friendly, comforting sound from the village now far behind her. It was her grandfather's voice, singing the Daybreak Song.

High and clear on the crisp morning air the words came floating to her.

"All night the Gods were with us,
Now night is gone;
Silence the rattle,
Sing the daybreak song,
For in the dawn bluebird calls.
With voice melodious bluebird calls.
And out of his blanket of tumbled gray,
The sun comes, combing his hair for the day." [1]

Pigeon knew that every one in the village must now be awake and stir-

[1] Navaho song from "Dawn Boy," by Eda L. Walton. New York, E. P. Dutton & Co.

ring. The world seemed once more a friendly place, and she was no longer afraid. She ran on up the path, feeling happy and safe once more, even though Beaver Boy and Red Feather were still nowhere to be seen.

The path she was following soon disappeared in a tangle of dry weeds and bushes, and Pigeon did not know whether Beaver Boy and Red Feather

had kept on beside the river, or had gone off into the woods in some other direction.

She stooped down and looked at the snow to see if she could see the print of their moccasins.

She found a place where Red Feather had broken through the snow crust, and beyond it were some broken twigs. There were other foot-prints farther on.

Following signs like these, she made her way quietly along through the trees, keeping sharp watch in every direction for the boys.

The woods were very still in the early morning, so still it seemed as if the world were holding its breath.

Pigeon walked slowly on and on, stepping as daintily as a cat over the snow crust so that her feet would

make no noise. Still she saw nothing of the boys.

Then suddenly her quick ear caught another sound — a queer noise like a squirrel chattering, she thought.

She crept on in the direction of this sound and soon came out on the edge of a little open space in the woods.

The queer sound seemed to come from this open space, and, peeping from behind a tree, Pigeon saw Red Feather sitting very still on a log. In his mouth was a hollow straw, and he was making the queer noise with it.

Behind another tree not far away, Beaver Boy was standing with his bow in his hand watching Red Feather.

Though she had been so very quiet, Beaver Boy saw her.

He motioned frantically to her to

stay where she was and not come an inch nearer or make a sound.

Pigeon froze as still as a statue behind her tree and watched Red Feather, too.

Red Feather had seen her before she saw him, but he did not move. He sat still on his log and kept on making the strange noise.

Then what do you think Pigeon and Beaver Boy saw?

Creeping toward Red Feather from all directions they saw little striped chipmunks!

Nearer and nearer they came to Red Feather, whisking their tails and searching with their beady little eyes for the chipmunk they thought was calling to them.

They crawled up on the log where he sat; they ran all over him and

tickled him with their tails, but Red Feather sat still as a rock and just let them tickle!

There were a dozen of the little creatures running all about him, when suddenly a loud crashing noise came from right behind Pigeon, and, tearing through the bushes, bounced old Wicaka, barking for joy that he had found his little master and mistress!

The moment they heard this noise, all the chipmunks ran away up the trees as fast as they could go. Instantly Red Feather dashed forward with his bow and arrows and began to shoot at them.

Beaver Boy whisked an arrow out of his quiver and was after them like a flash. Old Wicaka bounded about from tree to tree, and if ever a chipmunk tried to run down the trunk, he chased him back again.

Pigeon got out her own little blunt-headed arrows and tried to shoot them, too, but she didn't hit anything except a large oak tree that stood right in front of her, and even then she lost her arrow. In just a few minutes five little chipmunks lay still on the ground.

Red Feather had killed four of

them, but if you'll believe it, Beaver Boy had shot one of them himself, and in all the great Northwest there was probably not a single other boy as proud as Beaver Boy was at that very moment. It is a great day for any little Indian boy when he kills his first game.

Red Feather laid his four little chipmunks in a row on the hollow log, and Beaver Boy laid his one tenderly all by itself farther down on the same log. He meant to carry it back to his mother in his own hands. She should see with her own eyes what a wonderful boy he was! He meant to show it to all the other little boys in the village! He only wished his father were at home to see him walk proudly back from the hunt carrying his first game!

He was so happy that he hopped up and down and sang a bit of a "brave song," as the men did when they came back to camp bringing game.

"Tail feathers tie on me; I am a man to-day," sang Beaver Boy.

Pigeon was almost as proud of her brother as he was of himself. She hopped up and down, too, then she knelt beside the hollow log and thumped on it with a stick as if it were a drum.

Even Red Feather, who was almost a man and could hardly ever be surprised any more, slapped Beaver Boy on the shoulder and said, "Tokee! Tokee!" which meant, "Well! Well!"

While all this was going on, old Wicaka was still bouncing about and barking up the tree trunks, though by this time there wasn't a chipmunk within barking distance of the place.

Red Feather whistled, and Wicaka came bounding to him. Wicaka was under the impression that he had saved the entire party from great danger, and he was just as proud as Beaver Boy himself.

"Wicaka," said Red Feather, "you are an old blunderbuss! You have no sense! There's not a bit of use trying to hunt chipmunks with you

about. Now you stay here and keep quiet. I'm going farther up the river, and I don't want you along."

Wicaka sat down on his haunches with his tongue hanging out and looked pleased and flattered.

Red Feather started away at once. "You wait here," he said to the Twins. "Keep the dog quiet, and hunt up your arrows while I'm gone."

Wicaka watched Red Feather until he had walked a little way through the trees, then he quietly started after him.

Red Feather turned round and saw him. Wicaka stopped still in his tracks and began to scratch his ear with his hind foot as if he had never once thought of disobeying, but the moment Red Feather started on again he stopped scratching and trotted after him.

Beaver Boy saw him. "Come here!" he said sternly. "Lie down!"

Wicaka's ears drooped, and he flopped heavily down on the snow with his nose between his paws as if he meant to go to sleep, but his eyes were wide awake and rolling about in every direction to see what was going on.

"You stay right there!" said Beaver Boy, shaking his finger at him. "Mind you don't move! We've got to hunt for our arrows."

And Wicaka didn't move — for as much as two minutes; but as soon as the children's backs were turned, he got up again, very quietly.

"Seems to me I smell a rabbit or something," thought Wicaka to himself, and the next moment he was sniffing about in the bushes.

Soon he came to the hollow log.

"Dear me," thought Wicaka, "I certainly do smell something. It must be down that hole!" He stuck his nose into the hollow log and began to scratch with his fore paws as if he meant to tear the log to pieces.

"Ki yi! Ki yi!" he yelped.

Beaver Boy and Pigeon, hunting arrows under the trees, heard him. "Keep quiet! Down, Wicaka, down!" shouted Beaver Boy; but Wicaka had his nose in the hole and paid no heed. As Beaver Boy came tearing through the bushes, Wicaka took his nose out of the hollow log and for the first time saw the five little chipmunks lying on top of it!

"I *knew* I smelled something!" thought Wicaka, and before Beaver Boy could get to him, what do you think he did?

Right before his eyes, he snatched up Beaver Boy's one little chipmunk lying all by itself on the log and made off with it through the bushes as fast as he could run!

Beaver Boy let out a war whoop that would have made Grizzly Bear turn tail and run for home.

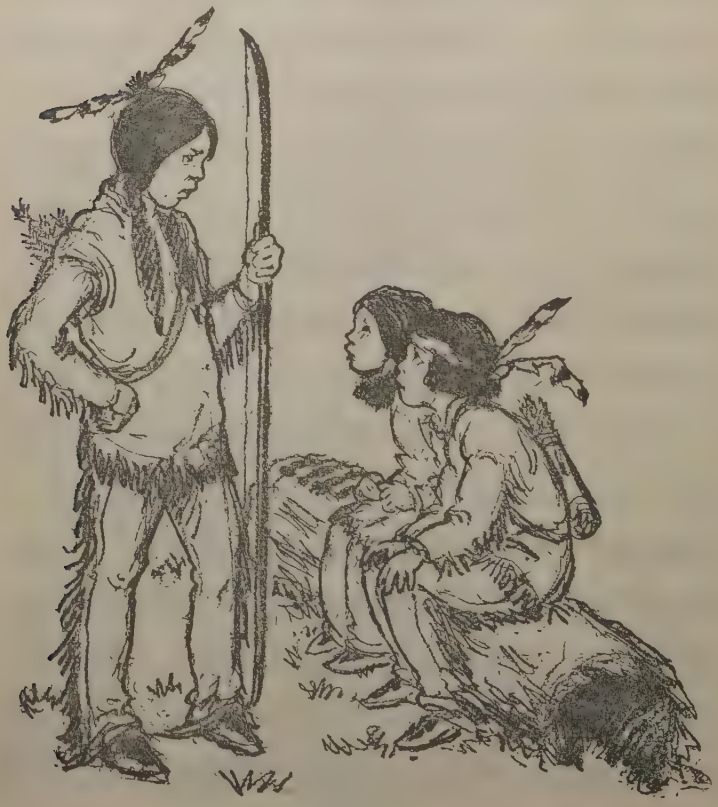
He started after Wicaka, but, though he was one of the best runners in the whole village, he could not catch up with him. You see Wicaka had four legs, and Beaver Boy had only two, so of course Wicaka could run twice as fast.

In less time than it takes to tell it, Wicaka was out of sight in the woods, and no one saw him again all that day. He knew as well as anybody that there are times when it is best to keep out of sight for a while.

Beaver Boy came slowly back to the hollow log, with a face as long as to-day and to-morrow. All his bright dreams of showing his first game to his mother, and being the envy and admiration of all the other boys in the camp, had vanished like a bubble. Not only that, but he was hungry. Four little chipmunks were hardly a meal for three hearty little savages, and suppose when they got back to camp he should find that there was no food there for his mother and grandmother? His mouth drooped and he kicked the snow and dead leaves in front of him as he came slowly back through the underbrush. He decided that this was a miserable world altogether, where no one got his just deserts.

Pigeon, who was sitting on the

hollow log, was just as hungry and discouraged as Beaver Boy himself. She made a place for him beside her on the log, and the two looked disconsolately at each other, and at the four poor little chipmunks, and they



both came just as near crying as any one can come and not do it.

They were startled by the sound of footsteps, and there right in front of them stood Red Feather.

He looked at them sternly. "What on earth is the matter now?" he demanded. "You yelled as if you were being scalped. Just as I almost got a shot at a rabbit, too!" Then he looked down at the log. There were only four chipmunks on it. He looked again at the sad faces of Beaver Boy and Pigeon and looked about for Wicaka, who wasn't there, of course. Then Red Feather knew what had happened just as if he had heard the whole story.

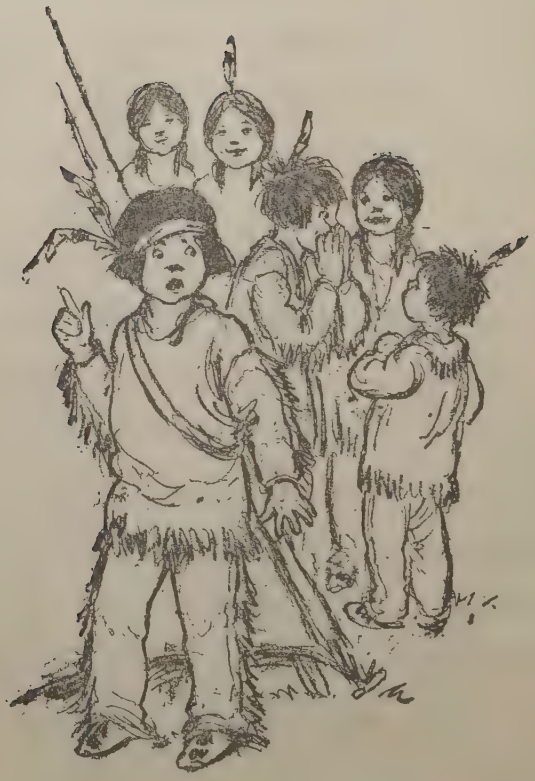
Beaver Boy didn't say a word. He didn't need to, for Pigeon said a great many. And, besides, Beaver Boy re-

membered just in time that no matter what happens real Indian warriors never complain, not even if they are hungry or cold or wounded — or anything; so he shut his teeth tight and swallowed a lump in his throat that felt as big as his fist.

I don't know that Red Feather had meant to scold Beaver Boy for carelessness, but anyway he didn't. He just picked up the four little chipmunks and glanced up at the sky.

"The sun is pretty high up now," he said. "Come along; it's time to go back home!" And he started back at once toward the village.

III
THE SURPRISE



III

THE SURPRISE

When they came to the edge of the open space in the woods where the tents were pitched, it hardly seemed to the children as if it could be the same place they had left behind them when they crept away so silently in the dark. The whole village was now as wide awake and active as it had been still and asleep in the early morning.

Dogs were barking. Women were going down to the river for water. Children were laughing and shouting and chasing one another in and out among the tents. Smoke was rising from all the tepees, and there was a smell of meat cooking, which proved

that the old men had been able in some way to find food for the day.

As the three hunters came out of the woods, the children racing about among the tepees caught sight of them and came swarming to meet them, shouting at the top of their lungs as they ran.

There were White Rabbit and Little Eagle, Fox Foot and Bluebird, Robin, Lynx-Eye, and Brown Bear and many more. The Twins knew them all. They were all their friends and playmates.

Oh, how Beaver Boy wished then that he had his chipmunk to show to them! If only Wicaka had not run away with his first game, all the shouting would have been for him! He would have been a great hero. If his father were at home, he might even

have made a feast in his honor and have given away presents because he was so proud of his son! Sometimes fathers did that. Beaver Boy felt at that moment just as you would feel if you had found your stocking empty on Christmas morning. His face was puckered up as if he had tasted something he didn't like at all. His lips stuck out and his forehead was wrinkled in a frown as he came stamping slowly up the path toward the tents.

"Hi! hi!" shouted the children as they swarmed about them. "Hurry up, old snails! There's a surprise for you in your grandmother's tent!"

Pigeon was so eager to see her mother that she had run on ahead and was already far up the path when the children came dancing and shouting about Beaver Boy.

Could it be that the men were back from the hunt with buffalo meat? thought Beaver Boy. Or was it venison he smelled? What could the surprise be, anyway? He broke into a run and came charging up the path with all the children in full cry after him.

At the door of his grandmother's tepee, he stopped an instant to listen to a strange noise that seemed to come out of it. It might be a wildcat, he thought. It sounded like that, but what in the world could his grandmother be doing with a wildcat? He lifted the tent flap, stooped, and went in.

Once inside the tepee, he stopped short, and his mouth fell so wide open that if Wicaka had been there, he would surely have barked down Bea-

ver Boy's throat thinking it was a rabbit hole!

This is what Beaver Boy saw: On the ground right in front of the fire sat his grandmother, and in her lap lay a cradle, and in the cradle lay a little brand-new brown baby boy!

It was the baby that was making the noise that Beaver Boy thought might be a wildcat! Its face was deep red and screwed up. Its little snub of a nose rose up beside a mouth that looked almost as much like a rabbit burrow as Beaver Boy's own did.

Pigeon was on her knees beside her grandmother in an instant, her face alive with joy, and she was saying, "Oh, is he *ours?* Is he really and truly ours? What is his name?"

From a bed of furs on the other

side of the tepee the Twins' mother, Spotted Fawn, smiled up at them.

"Look at your little brother," she said to Beaver Boy. "We have a new little warrior for our tribe. We will call him Bright Eyes until he earns another name for himself. Isn't he beautiful?"

As a matter of fact, Beaver Boy didn't think he was. He came a step nearer and looked down at the squirming bundle in his grandmother's lap. The baby lay in a soft nest of down gathered from the inside of cat-tails and was covered with a soft white doeskin robe.

Grandmother was so busy lacing him with thongs into this upright cradle that she did not even look up at Beaver Boy. Pigeon didn't notice him, either. She had eyes only for

this wonderful new brother that had suddenly been given them. Beaver Boy felt more injured than ever! First that thief of a Wicaka had cheated him of his game and of his triumphal return to the village, and now here this newcomer was getting as much attention as if he had really done something to deserve it! Besides all this, Beaver Boy was hungry, and nobody seemed to care. His mother watched his face.

"Don't you like him?" she asked, smiling.

"Yes — some — a little," answered Beaver Boy; "but he looks pretty raw, I think."

His mother laughed.

"Soon he will be running about," she said. "You are a big boy now. He will look up to you. You will

teach him how to shoot with a little bow and arrow and to swim."

Beaver Boy began to think perhaps it might not be so bad after all to have a little brother. For one thing it would make him seem bigger himself. He wanted to be big as well as brave.

He stooped down and cautiously touched the baby. The baby had stopped crying and was now ready to drop off to sleep. He was so little and so helpless! Beaver Boy wondered if it was possible that he himself had ever been as little as that. The tiny hand closed around his finger. Beaver Boy smiled bashfully at his mother.

"See how he clings to you!" she said. "He knows how big and strong and brave you are. He feels safe when you are near."

By this time Beaver Boy was quite sure that a little brother was a most desirable thing to have. In fact, he thought he had always wanted one. He gently released his hand, lifting the tiny fingers one by one, and stood up.

He felt very large and brave and strong just then, and it was lucky he did, for at that very moment Red Feather lifted the tent flap and came in, holding the four chipmunks by their tails. He looked at the group around the cradle and grinned.

"I told you you'd like it!" he said to the Twins.

Every one had been thinking so hard about the new baby that for a few moments they had almost forgotten how hungry they were, but now that they saw food before them, they remembered.

"Heh, heh!" cried Grandmother. "My son has brought home game!" She rose stiffly to her feet, leaving Pigeon to steady the upright cradle, and held out her hand for the chipmunks.

"I will cook them for you," she said. "Your father snared a rabbit, and he has now gone fishing, so we shall have food enough for to-day."

Red Feather handed the little creatures to her.

"Run now to the river," said Grandmother, turning to Beaver Boy; "bring me a pot of water, and hurry back."

She laid more wood on the fire as she spoke, and got out her knife. She did not ask Red Feather to go for water. He was now a hunter and almost a man, and must not do any woman's work about the camp.

Beaver Boy took the waterpot and started for the tent flap. Pigeon sat by the fire, still holding the cradle, which was almost as big as she was, and smiling happily down at the sleeping baby.

Red Feather grinned mysteriously.

"Come on, both of you," he said. "You're wanted outside."

Grandmother smiled knowingly, and Spotted Fawn, on her soft bed, smiled too, but a little anxiously. Red Feather lifted the cradle and set it upright beside his sister. She looked up at him.

"You will go with them?" she asked.

Red Feather nodded.

"No harm shall come to them," he said, and then he hurried Beaver Boy and Pigeon out of the tent. They

found all the children of the village waiting for them outside.

"Ho-ho," they shouted, "come with us!"

They seized Beaver Boy, waterpot and all, and ran with him to the river. Pigeon, too, was carried along by the laughing, shouting crowd.

"Ho-ho, you have a new little brother! Ho-ho, a new little warrior for the tribe!" cried the children.

At first Beaver Boy and Pigeon were so bewildered by all the things that were happening about them that they did not remember that when a new baby boy came to camp his older brother and sister must do some heroic deed in his honor. When he remembered this, Beaver Boy wished more than ever that he were brave. He stood on the river bank shivering

with cold and fear, for he knew now that he must take off his clothes and jump into the icy water or be called a coward by the others forever after. A Chief's son especially must do something heroic and do it bravely. He must not even scream. He must do it as if he wanted to! For a moment, Beaver Boy hesitated, and Smoke-in-the-Eyes, one of the big boys, seeing it, shouted, "Duck him! Duck him!"

Beaver Boy glared at him. Never would he submit to such disgrace! Instantly he tore off his buckskin garments, kicked off his moccasins, and, running down the bank barefooted, sprang upon a thin shelf of ice that had formed at the river's edge.

He meant to leap from it into the water, but his weight, as he struck it, broke the ice from its moorings,

and, before any one knew what was happening, the ice cake was floating out into the swift current of the river, carrying Beaver Boy with it.

He had meant to make the icy plunge at the river's edge and then jump at once out of the water and run for the tepee and the fire again, but his leap had launched the ice cake into the stream.

He sprawled on his hands and knees on the slippery raft, and looked in terror at the swiftly flowing water.

He was frozen with fear and with cold, but, frightened as he was, he did not scream! The screaming was all done on the bank.

He heard Red Feather's voice call, "Jump! Jump!" But poor Beaver Boy couldn't jump because he was on his hands and knees. Instead he

slid like a seal over the edge of the ice cake and into the cold, cold water. He could swim a little, but the water was so cold and he was so frightened that he sank like a stone instead, and for an instant disappeared from sight.

When he came up again, with his eyes and ears full of water, he heard far away the shouts of the frightened children on the bank, and above all the rest the voice of Pigeon screaming as only Pigeon could scream when she gave her mind to it.

Beaver Boy tried to strike out for the shore, but the current was strong, and he was not. He sank a second time. He flung out his arms, struggling helplessly. They struck another arm, and he clung to it desperately.

"Let go! Let go!" cried Red Feather's voice. The arm was wrenched

from his grasp, a hand clutched him by the hair, and Beaver Boy knew no more until he opened his eyes and found himself on the bank in the middle of a circle of frightened faces, with Red Feather dripping wet beside him.

He had plunged in with all his clothes on just in time to save Beaver Boy from going down the third time.

Beaver Boy sat up dizzily.

"I d-d-didn't scream!" he said proudly, though his teeth were chattering so he could hardly speak.

"No," said Red Feather, "you were a brave boy. No one can say you weren't."

All the other children now began to shout and sing praises of Beaver Boy's courage. They picked him up by his arms and legs, covered him as best they could with his clothes, and carried

him in triumph up the path to his grandmother's tepee, shouting all the way.

Pigeon, who could run like a spider, got there ahead of the crowd, and when Beaver Boy, with no clothes on, and Red Feather, still dripping wet, came into the tepee they found a bright fire blazing and a gourd full of hot rabbit broth waiting for them.

This was a great treat, for among Indians hot soup was always saved for the old people, and children were not supposed to have any. Even Pigeon was allowed a little, though she had not rolled in the snow without any clothes on, as she would have had to do if the fright about Beaver Boy had not made the children forget it.

Neither Grandmother nor Spotted Fawn said a word about the danger, or

scolded anybody. It was the custom. They thought, as all Indians did, that it was better to be brave than safe, and, of course, if there is no danger, there is no chance to be brave. So they sat by the fire and listened while Beaver Boy told how Red Feather had saved him as the river was carrying him away, and Red Feather told how brave Beaver Boy had been not to scream, and the two mothers were as proud of their sons as four mothers could possibly have been.

Then suddenly Grandmother cried,

"My waterpot! Where is my waterpot?" for nobody had thought a single thing about that, and there it was lying down by the river all this time, and not a drop to cook the chipmunks in. She ran at once herself down to the river and brought it back full of water.

Soon the four little chipmunks were bobbing about in the boiling kettle, and when, late in the afternoon, Grandfather came into the tepee bringing a fine large trout, he found Spotted

Fawn sitting on her couch with Pigeon cuddled up beside her. The baby was asleep in his little oaken cradle on the other side, and Beaver Boy was sitting

in front of her telling her all about Wicaka and the chipmunk he had killed. Grandmother was stirring the stew with a long stick, and Red Feather, wrapped in a blanket of deerskin, was drying his clothes on a stick before the fire.

Grandfather stopped a moment to look at the cozy picture. Then he handed the fish to Grandmother.

"Here, old woman, is food for tomorrow," he said.

"Han, han," said Grandmother, which meant "Yes, yes." "I must put it away out of Wicaka's reach. That dog has no conscience!"

Grandfather sat down beside the fire, too. He put on more wood to make it blaze up, for it was almost dark by this time, and while he drank his broth and the others gnawed their

bones, he told them where he had been and all the adventures he had had.

And when everybody had told everybody else all the news of that exciting day, Grandfather told them the story of Iktomi, the spider fairy, and how he lured a flock of ducks into his tent and made them dance to his singing until he wrung their silly necks one by one.

When this story was ended, it was time for all good little Indians to go to bed. Beaver Boy and Pigeon said good night to their mother and grandfather and grandmother and to little Bright Eyes too, and then ran as fast as they could go through the darkness to their own tepee, and Red Feather followed them.

The tent was as dark as a very dark pocket when they reached it. Pigeon

remembered about Iktomi and the ducks and shivered as she crept after Red Feather and Beaver Boy through the low entrance.

Red Feather at once raked out some tiny coals from under their blanket of ashes, and soon a bright fire was glowing in the middle of the tepee.

They were just settling down for the night, with their robes around them and their toes turned toward the fire, when there was the pad of soft footfalls outside, followed by a short inquiring bark, and Wicaka stuck his head through the tepee opening!

In another minute the rest of him followed, and then he ran round the circle, barking joyfully at each one, wagging his tail, and burrowing down their necks to leave a wet doggy kiss

on any part of them that he found uncovered.

He was so glad to see them and seemed so sure that they were just as glad to see him that nobody had the heart to mention the chipmunk.

"Lie down," commanded Red Feather, and Wicaka, with a heavy dog sigh, flopped down on his stomach beside them, and in a few minutes children and dog were lying side by side sound asleep.

Little Doe.

IV
PIGEON HAS AN ADVENTURE

IV

PIGEON HAS AN ADVENTURE

All night the three children slept as soundly as moles rolled up in their snug nests of fur. Beaver Boy and Pigeon were so tired after all the adventures of the day that they might have slept on until noon if it hadn't been for Red Feather, but Red Feather, like all true Indians, was awake before the dawn. It was still quite dark in the tent when he sat up, shook off his robes, and looked about him.

The fire was out, the tepee was cold, and all he could see in the dim light was two dark heaps of fur where the

Twins lay asleep. He could tell where Wicaka was by sound alone, for Wicaka snored. Red Feather reached out and poked him.

"Ssst," he whispered in his ear. "Rabbits — chipmunks!" In an instant Wicaka bounded up wide awake and ready for another lively day.

"Bow-wow, bow-wow, who said rabbits?" he seemed to say.

In another instant, Beaver Boy felt a cold nose burrowing down his neck, and Pigeon woke up because Wicaka was standing on her stomach with his tail wagging back and forth and brushing her nose at every wag.

"Go 'way," she said crossly. "Get off." She humped herself up and down under her robes to dislodge him, but Wicaka didn't even notice it.

"Ki-yi, ki-yi," he yelped, and he

pawed with his fore feet exactly as if he expected to find a woodchuck buried among the bearskins.

There was a small earthquake under the bedding, and Beaver Boy sat up so suddenly that Wicaka was backed off into the ashes of the fire, and stepped on a live coal hidden there.

"Ki-yi, ki-yi," he yelped again, and this time he bolted out of the tepee to cool his burnt toe in the snow.

By this time Beaver Boy and Pigeon were both wide awake.

"Time to get up," said Red Feather. I'm going fishing to-day. Want to go along?"

Beaver Boy was up in an instant.

"You bet your life I want to go," he said, or if he didn't say just those words, he said some that meant the same thing.

Pigeon sat up, too.

"I don't," she said.

"Don't what?" said Beaver Boy.

"Don't want to go," said Pigeon, rubbing her eyes.

"Lucky for you you don't," said Red Feather. "Nobody asked you."

Pigeon sank back under her deerskin coverlet, feeling very much snubbed.

"I don't care," she said, resentfully. "I'd rather stay with Mother and the new baby anyway."

"That's where you belong," said Red Feather patronizingly, "but you'll have to get up just the same. You can't be lazy, even if you are a girl."

Pigeon sniffed, but she didn't say anything, and just at that minute there came a cry, "Co-o-co-o," in

their grandfather's voice, and they knew he was giving the waking-up call for all the camp.

In a moment's time the whole village was alive and stirring. The three children were outside the tepee in time to see their grandfather light the hunting bonfire with a live coal brought from the fire in his own tepee.

As the flames sprang upward, all the men and big boys in camp came hurrying from their tents to this central "hunting" fire.

The food supply was now so low in the whole village that every one who could do so must go out after game, if there was to be food for an evening meal.

Red Feather and Beaver Boy joined the group around the fire. Red Feather walked up quite boldly, as

if he belonged there, for every one knew he had killed his first deer and that he had been hunting once with the men. But with Beaver Boy it was different. He was still a little boy, and he wasn't at all sure he would be allowed to go.

It was not yet daylight, and he kept close behind Red Feather, hoping he wouldn't be noticed, but Smoke-in-the-Eyes saw him.

"Ho-ho," he laughed, pointing his finger at Beaver Boy. "What are you going out to hunt for? Fleas?" The big boys thought this was very funny. They laughed and laughed.

"Better get your mother to go with you," said Smoke-in-the-Eyes, and everybody laughed again. This was the same as calling him a baby! Beaver Boy bristled with anger. He

clenched his fists and glared at Smoke-in-the-Eyes.

"You let him alone," said Red Feather. "Yesterday he shot a chipmunk all himself, and he plunged into the river besides and didn't scream. He's going with me to-day, and I'll lick any one who bothers him!" Smoke-in-the-Eyes laughed, but he backed off toward the bushes.

"Sassy as a blue jay," he remarked, but he said nothing more to Beaver Boy, who kept quietly in Red Feather's shadow while the others made their plans.

Some were to go into the woods hoping to find deer, or bear, others were going fishing, two men were told off to guard the camp, and Grandfather was to make the rounds of the traps to see if any game had been

snared during the night. When all the plans were made, every one went back to his own tent to eat a bite before starting.

Red Feather and Beaver Boy ran back to the tepee with Grandfather. They found Pigeon there hovering over little Bright Eyes while her mother tied him into his gayly embroidered cradle.

The remains of last night's stew were bubbling in the kettle, and Grandmother was broiling the fish over the coals. When it was ready to eat, she set it before her husband, Red Feather, and Beaver Boy, first murmuring a little prayer.

"Great Mystery, do thou partake of this fish and still be gracious," she said.

She herself, Spotted Fawn, and

Pigeon, all waited for their food until Grandfather and the boys had eaten and left the tepee for the day's hunting.

As the sun came creeping up over the hills beyond the river, they stood by the tent door and watched them as they slipped quietly away in different directions. Grandfather went northward along the river path, and Red Feather and Beaver Boy turned in the direction of the field where the horses were grazing and were soon out of sight.

Though she could not go fishing with the boys, Pigeon was to have an adventure of her own that very day. She and Grandmother were going to the woods to gather sticks and pine cones for the fire, and they were to take little Bright Eyes with them for

his very first look at the out-of-door world. As soon as the boys were out of sight, Spotted Fawn put the baby in his little cradle and hung him on Grandmother's back by a leather band that went across her forehead.

Pigeon ran at Grandmother's side, carrying a basket of birch bark to hold the pine cones.

Wicaka ran on before them as if he felt that he must protect them from all harm.

Spotted Fawn stayed at home to keep the fire bright and to make a pair of tiny moccasins for the baby out of a rabbit skin.

The sun was bright, the air was mild, the snow was melting away, green grass showed along the river's edge, and a robin was singing as if he would burst his throat as Pigeon,

Grandmother, and the baby set out for the woods.

All the way, as they walked along, Grandmother crooned to little Bright Eyes. She told him about the robin

singing to his mate and about the nest they were building. She told him that spring would soon come. She told him how beautiful the world was, and little Bright Eyes seemed to listen as if he understood every word.

When they reached the woods, the baby had gone to sleep.

"We'll hang the cradle on this pine tree," said Grandmother, "safe out of harm's way. You and Wicaka will watch him while I go farther into the woods for sticks. See, there are plenty of pine cones on the ground all about. You will soon fill your basket."

She bent down a limb of the tree as she spoke and, lifting the cradle high, slipped the leather thong over the swaying branch.

As soon as she let go of the limb, it sprang back again, and there was

little Bright Eyes hanging like some strange fruit from the gnarled old pine.

The cradle swung gently with the swaying motion of the bough when the wind stirred it, and the baby slept peacefully on.

Wicaka sat down at the foot of the tree like a scout on guard, and Pigeon began to pick up the pine cones.

Grandmother gathered two great bundles of sticks and carried them to the tepee; then she came back for the basket. She put it on top of her head and marched away with it, leaving Pigeon still on guard beside the pine tree.

Pigeon watched her as she toiled up the path. She had nearly reached the camp again, when suddenly there was a wild cry, "Woo-coo-hoo," and

Pigeon saw all the children running in the direction of the woods on the other side of the village.

As they ran, others took up the cry, "Woo-coo-hoo," until the shouts and the echoes all jumbled together in such a wild medley of sound that it seemed as if there must be a hundred children shouting together.

Wicaka pricked up his ears and in another instant was tearing up the path to see what was going on, leaving Pigeon all alone beside the pine tree. She saw the women run out of their tepees to follow the children.

What could it be? Pigeon danced up and down with impatience and shouted, "Woo-coo-hoo," too, though she didn't know what it was all about.

Burning with impatience to see, she

ran a little way up the path — but there was the baby! She could not possibly leave him no matter what was happening. She ran back and tried frantically to get him down out of the tree. She meant to take him on her own back if she could, and hurry up the path to see what the excitement was, but she could not even reach the bough to bend it down.

"I'll climb the tree," she said at last, desperately. "I'll get that baby down somehow."

She climbed upon a low branch. Up and up she went until she came to the big limb where the cradle hung. She sat down on it, holding on with both hands, bending it with her weight and hitching herself slowly along toward the cradle.

The bough bent more and more

as she neared the baby, and she began to feel herself sliding.

She tried to stop. She held on tight with both hands and even tried to

hitch herself backward, but the pine needles, which bent before her as she went toward the end of the branch, stuck into her like a thousand pins when she went against them.

Her hands were covered with pitch from the bark, and scratched from the pine needles. She could not get back, and she didn't dare go forward.

It didn't really matter whether she dared to or not, because she felt herself going, anyway! Down, down, down the branch she slid, and when she reached the cradle she carried it right along with her!

In another minute there she was on the ground, cradle and all. The bough had swung back into place, and she and the baby were both yelling at the top of their lungs.

The baby wasn't hurt a bit, because

the cradle had a piece of wood bent at the top in such a way that if it fell, the wood got the bump instead of the baby. But Bright Eyes didn't like being thrown about that way, and he wanted his mother to know it. That was why he screamed.

It took Pigeon a few minutes to find out that she wasn't hurt either, and meanwhile, just to be on the safe side, she screamed too.

But what were their two screams beside all the shouting going on in the village? Nobody heard them at all.

Pretty soon, Pigeon decided that it really was no use to scream any longer since nobody noticed it. She got up on her two feet, picked up the cradle, and nearly twisted herself in two trying to get it up on her back.

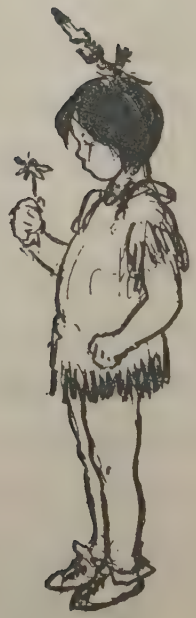
She did get it up on her back at last, but the strap was much too long for her to bind across her forehead, so she held on to it with both hands and bent herself over nearly double so that the cradle wouldn't slide off her back, and began climbing up the path.

She had gone only a little way, when she heard quick steps coming toward her, and there was her mother running down the path to meet her.

"Quick, quick!" cried Spotted Fawn.

"What is it?" gasped little Pigeon.

"You will see," said her mother, and, not waiting to say another word, she took the baby on her own back, and she and Pigeon hurried up the path together.



Lynx-Eye.

V

AN EXCITING DAY

V

AN EXCITING DAY

While all this was happening to Pigeon, Beaver Boy and Red Feather were in the meadow where the horses were grazing.

When they left the tepee, Beaver Boy had said to Red Feather: "I want to catch a big fish to-day. I want to show that old bag of wind, Smoke-in-the-Eyes, that he doesn't know a thing about fishing. Yesterday he was away a long time, and all he brought in was just two little bits of trout."

"Huh! fish-eater!" grunted Red Feather disgustedly. Fish were the easiest of all foods for them to get,

so "fish-eater" meant that Smoke-in-the-Eyes was not a great hunter, or else that he was lazy.

Then he said, "I'd like to get a big bass, but we'll have to get new lines. Mine are all gone."

"So are mine," said Beaver Boy.

The fishlines they used were made by tying hairs from a horse's tail together in a string, so they went at once to the pasture to get long, strong hairs from the tails of their own two ponies.

The boys each had a pony of his own. Pigeon had one, too. Beaver Boy's horse was named Lightning because he could run so fast, and Red Feather called his Sleepy Eye because whenever he wasn't eating or going he stood still and went to sleep.

All the horses and ponies belonging to the tribe were in a meadow beside

the river, where dried grass pricked through the snow, and where, in sunny patches, it was already beginning to turn green.

Each horse had his front legs tied together in such a way that he could wander about to nibble the scanty food, but could not run away.

Beaver Boy had taught Lightning to come to him when he gave a certain whistle, and if he could, he always gave him something to eat when Lightning answered the call. To-day he had brought some strips of bark from a cottonwood tree which he knew Lightning loved.

As the two boys came to the meadow, Beaver Boy began to whistle, "Bob White, Bob White." This was the call he had taught to Lightning, and it was so exactly like the

call of a quail that in the springtime, when the quails themselves whistled, poor Lightning was nearly distracted answering the call and looking about for his little master.

"Bob White, Bob White," whistled Beaver Boy, and Lightning raised his head from a bunch of dried grass and looked about. When he saw Beaver Boy, he tried to run to him, but his feet were tied together so that he went over the ground like a rocking-horse.

Beaver Boy ran to him, and gave him the cottonwood bark. Then he took off the thong that had bound his feet, made a loop in the end, and threw it over Lightning's head.

Red Feather, meanwhile, had waked Sleepy Eye from a nap by pulling the first hair out of his tail.

Sleepy Eye didn't like the feeling of it, so he stood up on his hind legs, came down on his front ones, and kicked out behind. He missed Red Feather.

"Hi, there!" cried Red Feather, dodging, "I believe old Sleepy Eye is actually awake! Let's have a little ride before we make our fishlines."

"All right, I'll race you," said Beaver Boy.

In a moment the two boys were on the horses' backs tearing across the meadow like two young cyclones.

"Hi hi," shouted Beaver Boy, digging his knees into Lightning's ribs, and "Hi hi!" shouted Red Feather, pounding along close behind him.

Sleepy Eye was not feeling cheerful that morning, and he made up his

mind that he didn't wish to carry any load on his back at all. So he stood up on his hind legs and tried to make Red Feather slide off his back, but Red Feather just dug his knees in and stuck on.

Then Sleepy Eye tried standing on his head and kicking up his heels. Still Red Feather held on. Sleepy Eye's eyes were sleepy no longer. They rolled wickedly in his head; he snorted and pawed the ground.

Then he got down on his knees as if he were going to say his prayers, but instead he rolled right over on his side and landed Red Feather in a patch of snow.

Beaver Boy brought Lightning to a standstill and sat on his back laughing.

"It looks as if you'd have a lively

time getting hairs out of his tail this morning," he shouted. "Try another horse!"

Red Feather got to his feet and was just beginning to tell Sleepy Eye what he thought of his actions, when suddenly they heard such a shouting in the village that it seemed as if all the people were bent on splitting their throats.

Red Feather stopped his speech right in the middle, Beaver Boy slid off Lightning's back at once, and the two boys stood still to listen.

"Wah, wah, wah," came the cry.

"Bear's meat, I'll bet!" shouted Red Feather, and without another word the two boys started at top speed back to camp.

They got there just in time to see all the village rush out to welcome

the men who had been away on the spring fur-hunt as they came riding proudly home, singing a triumphal song and bringing great piles of pelts and huge bundles of meat with them.

At the head of the band rode Chief Two Bears, and following him came all the warriors and chief hunters of the tribe! Here was food for every one! No wonder the hungry people were wild with joy. All the men and boys who had just started out on the day's hunt, hearing the commotion, came hurrying back to camp, and raced forward to greet the returning heroes. Every one was there except Grandmother, Spotted Fawn, and the baby!

These three hurried out of sight and into Grandmother's tepee as fast as they could go, leaving Pigeon be-

hind in the scramble, because it would never do for Grandmother to greet her son-in-law, and as for the baby, why, Chief Two Bears didn't even know there was one, because Bright Eyes had come while he was away!

Even if he had known, he would not have tried to see him, for an Indian father is not supposed to look at his baby or the baby's mother either, until the baby is two weeks old at least. Chief Two Bears wouldn't have said so for anything, but he hoped his wife would see him come riding into camp at the head of his band. His eyes glanced right and left, but no Spotted Fawn did he see among all the excited women and children and barking dogs that came swarming about their horses.

Grandmother and Spotted Fawn

saw him, though he didn't see them, for they peeped through holes in the tepee covering.

Beaver Boy and Red Feather were both in the crowd, pressing eagerly forward to greet the Chief, but little Pigeon got to him first. She couldn't wait to tell him all the news.

Somehow she wormed her way among the elbows of the big people, and then all of a sudden there she was almost under the nose of Chief Two Bears' horse! She seized her father's moccasin and ran along by his side.

"Father, Father! we have a new baby boy," she cried. "He's in Grandmother's tepee! Mother is there, too, and Beaver Boy jumped in the river, and he didn't scream, and — and — "

She was quite out of breath by this time, and her father, reaching

down from his horse's back, seized her in his strong hands and swung her up on the horse's back in front of him!

Ah, but that was a proud day for Pigeon! Three times she led the victorious hunters in a triumphal parade around the camp, followed by songs and shouts and laughter from the happy people. Then the Chief halted before Grandmother's tent, laid a load of bear's meat before her door, left his horse with Red Feather to take to pasture, and walked away to his own tepee with Pigeon and Beaver Boy, one on each side, clinging to his hands.

The days that followed the return of the hunters were happy days in the little village.

There was now plenty of food for

every one. The mothers and grandmothers were all busy cooking, drying huge chunks of meat in the air, and scraping and curing the piles of skins which the hunters had brought home.

Fires crackled in every tepee, and the meat boiling in the pots sent a smell all through the camp that kept everybody hungry. Every day there was feasting, and every night there were dancing and singing, and wonderful stories were told about the camp fires.

But the best day of all in the Chief's tepee was the day that Spotted Fawn came back to her own home, bringing little Bright Eyes with her.

Pigeon had been housekeeper in her mother's absence, and on this day she bustled about, eager to have

everything in order when her mother should come home.

She swept the earthen floor with a bundle of twigs bound together with a leather thong.

She piled the embroidered bags that held their best things in a neat row against the painted buffalo hide at the back of the tent.

She kept the fire bright and made a soft seat of buffalo skins beside it for her father to sit on, and when everything was ready, she was so impatient that she kept running back and forth to Grandmother's tepee to see how things were progressing there.

Nobody but Pigeon knew just when her mother was coming, for they wanted it to be a surprise, and it was a secret between the two.

If they had been at home, the Chief

and Beaver Boy must surely have guessed it, because Pigeon was so busy and so important all day, but the boys were away fishing, and the Chief had gone out early in the morning and did not come back until the sun was sinking in the west.

Beaver Boy and Red Feather returned at about the same time, bringing a fine large bass with them.

They found the tepee bright and warm and Pigeon beside the fire roasting pieces of bear's meat on a stick for dinner.

Wicaka was contentedly gnawing a bone outside the door.

"Um, um, but that smells good," said Beaver Boy, as he and Red Feather crawled through the open doorway.

"Come in," said Pigeon impor-

tantly, "and sit down over there out of my way." She pointed to a place opposite the door as she spoke.

Chief Two Bears was already seated on his pile of skins, contentedly watching Pigeon's preparations for dinner.

The boys were no more than seated, when Wicaka gave a welcoming bark; there was the sound of soft footsteps

outside, and through the doorway in her best white doeskin dress came Spotted Fawn, with the baby's cradle in her arms.

Pigeon sprang forward and held out her arms, and for an instant her mother stood still, smiling down at the eager little face, then, going to Chief Two Bears, she laid the baby gently on the ground before him.

The Chief, leaning forward, took a long look at his new little son.

"Han, han," he said. "Yes, yes, he is a fine boy."

"See how big he is," said Spotted Fawn proudly. She undid the thongs of the gay cradle, lifted him in her hands and turned him about for his father to see. Bright Eyes, glad to feel himself free once more, kicked and waved his arms about and, feeling

the warmth, stretched his toes toward the fire.

Chief Two Bears touched the little hands, and they clung to his finger. He took the baby from the mother's arms and held him aloft in his big brown hands. His face shone with pride and pleasure, but all he said was, "Yes, yes, he is a fine boy.'

Though he had said so little, Spotted Fawn knew that he was thinking a great deal, and all about the new baby, because a little coal popped out of the fire and burned a hole in the fur of the buffalo hide on which he was sitting, and he never noticed it at all until Beaver Boy spatted it out with his hands.

Now that the Twins' father and mother were both at home again, there was no reason for Red Feather's

staying with them, so he said good night and went home to his own tepee.

It was a happy little family that sat about the fire that evening, there was so much for every one to tell every one else.

Chief Two Bears told about his hunting and about the bear he had killed, and about all the funny things that had happened while he was away.

Then he listened while Spotted Fawn told about the baby and about Beaver Boy's brave plunge into the icy river in his honor.

Pigeon told him about falling out of the tree with the baby, and, last of all, Beaver Boy told the whole story of the killing of the chipmunk. Wicaka might have added something to that story, but he never said a word.

It was late, and every one else in the village was asleep, when at last Spotted Fawn said, "It's time these children were abed. No more talking to-night."

There was just a little prayer of thanks to the Great Mystery for bringing them safely together again; then they rolled themselves up in their warm covers and were sound asleep in no time at all.

Brown Bear.

VI
MOVING CAMP

VI

MOVING CAMP

March was now nearly over, but still the wind blew and blew, and still the snow covered the ground under the forest trees.

At last, however, there came a day when the sun shone so brightly that the snow began to melt everywhere and run down to the river in little streams.

The grass grew greener and greener every hour. Robins flew about carrying bits of grass and straw to build their nests. Blue jays and crows screamed and cawed over the woods. The very earth seemed to wake.

On one such morning Pigeon came dancing down to Grandmother's tepee, singing a happy little song.

"I saw a bluebird in a tree.
He sang a song, he flew away.
He'll come again another day,"

sang Pigeon.

Grandmother was coming up the path with a load of wood on her back. She heard Pigeon's song.

"Han, han," she said. "Spring has come," and her old face broke into a thousand little smile wrinkles.

Spotted Fawn heard Pigeon, too, and came smiling out of Grandmother's tepee with the baby in her arms.

"Yes," she said, "the early thaw has come, and if we are to have any sugar this year, we must soon be about it. The Chief said so last night."

"Oh, joy, joy, joy!" sang Pigeon. "We're going away, going away — we are going to find the sugar trees!" and off she danced to tell Beaver Boy the news.

Beaver Boy and Red Feather were with Grandfather in a sunny spot by the river, and Grandfather was showing them how to shape arrow-points.

"We're going away, we're going away, we're going to find the sugar trees!" sang Pigeon, as she came running down the path.

This was news — great news!

"Who said so?" demanded Red Feather.

"Mother said Father told her so last night," said Pigeon.

The boys looked at Grandfather. He would be sure to know, because he was the town crier. It was his duty to

notify the whole village whenever the Chief gave any command.

Grandfather nodded. "Listen well to-night," he said, "and you shall hear the words of the Chief. Until then it is better to keep your own council. Much harm comes from talking too much."

Pigeon stopped her song and ran away up the slope to find her mother and tell her what Grandfather had said.

However it got about, it was clear that the whole camp was expecting something to happen.

The Chief held a council late in the morning, and afterward all the men were busy getting ready for a big hunt, and the women were putting their belongings together.

Even the children knew these signs,

so nobody was surprised when just at sunset Grandfather went about through the village warning every one to get to bed early, for in the morning they were to break camp.

Everybody minded at once, and by the time the evening star rose in the dusk, there was not a sign of life about the village. Every one was in bed.

It seemed to Pigeon and Beaver Boy that they had not been asleep more than a minute when they were wakened by hearing Grandfather's voice calling "Co-o-co-oo," and heard the sound of his footsteps as he went from one tepee to another in the dark, giving the call and seeing to it that every one was awake.

Pigeon and Beaver Boy popped up like two rabbits out of their holes, and

in five minutes the whole camp was swarming with men, women, and children.

The hunters were off long before daybreak, leaving the women and old men to break camp and go north to the groves where every year they made maple sugar.

Here the hunters would meet them, and there would follow a happy summer spent in wandering from one pleasant camping-spot to another as the tribe followed the game.

No wonder Pigeon and Beaver Boy were wild with joy and that even Red Feather showed some signs of excitement.

As soon as the hunters were gone, and every one had had a bite to eat, preparations began in earnest. The women everywhere began taking down

lodge poles and folding the buffalo-hide covers into great bundles.

The hunters had taken most of the horses, leaving only enough to carry the camp luggage on the march, and Spotted Fawn sent Beaver Boy and Red Feather to fetch Lightning and Sleepy Eye and Pigeon's pony, which she called Thunder for no other reason than because Beaver Boy had named his Lightning and Thunder and Lightning always go together.

Spotted Fawn wished to be ready the very first one, for she was the wife of the Chief, and it would never do for her to lag behind any other woman in camp.

The boys were soon back from the meadow, and Red Feather took Sleepy Eye to his own tepee to help carry things from Grandmother's tent, leav-

ing Beaver Boy to hobble Thunder and Lightning by tying their fore legs together so that they could not run away.

Pigeon was told to watch them, and little Bright Eyes' cradle was hung up out of harm's way on the branch of an oak tree near the tepee. Every spark of fire was carefully put out, for no forest fire was ever started by an Indian's carelessness; then Beaver Boy crawled up on the side of the tent to loose the pins at the top, and soon you could not have told that a tent had ever been there at all.

When Wicaka saw these preparations, he quietly disappeared, and it was some time before Pigeon, who had been sent for him, found him hiding down by the river. She pointed her finger at him. "Shame on you!"

she said sternly. Wicaka looked at her pleadingly and thumped his tail on the ground, but did not move.

"Come here, you lazy dog," cried Pigeon, and Wicaka came with his ears down, and his tail between his legs. He knew what was wanted of him, and he didn't like it a bit.

When Pigeon succeeded in getting Wicaka back to the place where the tepee had stood, Spotted Fawn was waiting for him. She had taken the shorter tent poles and had made a little travois,[1] of just the right size for a dog to pull.

Wicaka took one look at it and

[1] An Indian device for carrying burdens. It is made of two poles lashed at one end to each side of a dog, or a horse, the other ends dragging on the ground. A crosspiece tied from pole to pole supports the bundles to be carried.

sat down on his tail and refused to budge. In vain Beaver Boy pulled and pulled him and Pigeon pushed. Wicaka only stretched out his neck without moving the rest of himself at all.

At last Spotted Fawn argued with him.

"You know, Wicaka," she said, "you must be a good dog and do your

part like the rest. Beaver Boy will lead you. Get up at once!"

Wicaka rolled his eyes pleadingly up at her.

Spotted Fawn looked sternly down at him, and when at last he saw there was no help for him, Wicaka rose slowly and limped to his place between the shafts of the travois as if he expected to die of despair the very next minute.

On the crosspiece of the travois, Spotted Fawn had bound a round basket-shaped little boat made of buffalo hide. It was called a coracle. She had lined this with soft pelts and had placed in it the leather cases that held their best clothes.

In the middle she had left a nice soft nest, and in this nest she placed Bright Eyes in his cradle.

Lightning had a large travois to pull, loaded with tent covers and a big bundle of skins.

"Now," said Spotted Fawn, "we are all ready, and the first ones, too."

She swung Pigeon up on Thunder's back on top of two bundles of pelts, which hung down on each side of him. Then she mounted Lightning, and the little procession began to move. Pigeon followed her mother, and last came Beaver Boy leading Wicaka and the travois.

The old men who were to lead the way were already mounted on their horses and were waiting for the women to finish the work of getting down the tents.

In their gay beaded garments and feather headdresses the old men were something to see! Beaver Boy

wished he were a grown-up man so he would not have to do any work about the camp, but could just be a hunter and a warrior and wear feathers that would tell the story of all the brave deeds he had done! He wanted, too, to look splendid on horseback like Grandfather, and lead a procession, and here he was with a dog travois and a baby to mind! He felt a good deal as Wicaka did about it.

At last came Grandfather's call to start.

The tribe had begun to get ready so very early that the sun had not yet come up over the hills beyond the river when the caravan began to move.

It was a splendid sight. First came the old men, and at their head rode Grandfather, and beside him came

Klah, the medicine man of the tribe, carrying in his hand the sacred pipe.

Then came the women and children, with horses and dogs and travois all in a straggling line behind them.

The eastern sky was a blaze of pink clouds as they started, and they had reached a large open space beside the river when the rim of the sun came climbing over the hills to look at them.

Then Grandfather gave the signal to stop, and Klah, taking the sacred pipe in his hands, walked out before all the people and held it up toward the rising sun. He held it to the north, to the south, to the east and west, to the world above and the world below, and as he did so, he chanted a prayer to the Great Mystery to be

gracious and to bless them on the journey they were about to make.

This is the prayer that Klah chanted as he held up the sacred pipe.

Impervious to pain may I walk.
With lively feelings may I walk.
As it used to be long ago, may I walk.
Happily may I walk.
Happily with abundant showers, may I walk.
Happily with abundant plants, may I walk.
Happily on a trail of pollen may I walk.
Happily may I walk.
Being as it used to be long ago, may I walk.
May it be beautiful before me.
May it be beautiful behind me.
May it be beautiful below me.
May it be beautiful above me.
May it be beautiful all around me.
In beauty it is finished.
In beauty it is finished.[1]

[1] From a Navaho ceremonial invocation. University of California *Publications in American Archæology and Ethnology*. Frederick Ward Putnam and A. L. Kroeber.

When the prayer was finished the caravan moved on. It moved slowly, for the loads were heavy, the ground rough and uneven, and many of the women and children were carrying bundles.

For some distance they followed the river toward its source, but by and by it became necessary to cross it, for the sugar trees were far to the northeast.

There were no bridges, of course, but Indians didn't mind that. They had never seen a bridge.

It was easy for the old men to cross. Following Grandfather's lead, they rode their horses into the stream, and as the river was not yet too much swollen by spring floods, they got across without trouble.

On the other side they waited for

the rest of the caravan to catch up with them, meanwhile keeping a sharp watch for possible enemies.

It was not so easy for the women and children. Bundles had to be lifted from the travois and bound on the horses' backs, where the water would not reach them.

Where there were many bundles, the horses had to cross several times to get everything to the other side.

It was a busy time for all the mothers and grandmothers. Each had her hands full looking after her own children and her belongings and trying to keep them together.

Spotted Fawn had tied up their bundles of pelts in buffalo hides in such a way that only the outside skin would get wet even if they should fall into the water. Now she piled

these bundles upon Lightning's back, and, lifting Pigeon to the ground, mounted Thunder and started across the stream, leading one horse and riding the other, and towing the long tent poles like a raft. She was soon safely on the other side.

Beaver Boy and Pigeon watched her as she unloaded the horse, and, leaving Red Feather in charge of Lightning, she started back across the stream to fetch the Twins.

This time she took Pigeon up before her on Thunder's back, leaving Beaver Boy, Wicaka, and the baby for another trip. She meant to free Wicaka to swim across, dragging the short tent poles, while she, on Thunder's back, towed the little round boat with Beaver Boy and the baby both in it.

Wicaka watched her departure with Pigeon uneasily. All the others were safely across. He and Beaver Boy and the baby were the only ones now left on the shore. It looked to him as if they were going to be left behind altogether. He began to whine, and then all of a sudden he gave a howl and, dashing down the bank, plunged right into the river, travois, baby, and all!

Spotted Fawn was half across the river with Pigeon, when a shout from the people on the shore warned her that something was happening, and, looking back, she saw Wicaka already off his short legs in the water and trying to swim.

Beaver Boy was holding on to the coracle with both hands, trying to pull it back, and yelling as only an

Indian can yell, but the dog's strength and the current were both against him, and he was being dragged into the river, too.

"Go on by yourself," cried Spotted Fawn to Pigeon, and in another instant she had slid off Thunder's back and was swimming to the rescue.

Pigeon was scared by the swirling water, but she clung to Thunder's mane with both hands and was soon safely on the other side.

Beaver Boy's firm grasp on the coracle had dislodged it from the poles of the travois, and it was now floating away down the river with Beaver Boy clinging to it and kicking desperately with his feet, trying to guide it to the opposite shore.

Freed of his heavy burden, Wicaka was making good headway toward

land, dragging the poles after him. The little round boat whirled about in the current, whirling Beaver Boy with it.

In spite of all the bumping and shouting the baby in his little nest slept peacefully on.

It was a moment of real danger, for Beaver Boy's strength was not equal to swimming across the current and pushing the heavy coracle before him. He held on with all his might, however, and did his brave best, but his clothes, heavy with water, hindered him, and he made little progress.

He did not see his mother swimming toward him until suddenly she appeared beside him. Her hand grasped the coracle, and her swift, sure stroke sent the boat forward toward the farther shore.

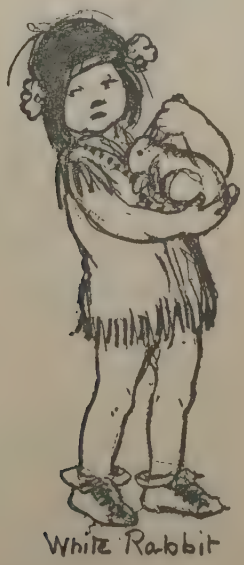
Even with their combined strength, they could not guide it directly across, but, working with the current, they were carried diagonally downstream and came to land some distance below the place where the rest of the tribe waited.

As Beaver Boy and his mother dragged the coracle wearily up the bank, Red Feather and Grandfather were there to help them, while Grandmother looked after Pigeon, the two horses, and all the bundles.

Wicaka came briskly up to them, wagging his tail cheerfully as if he expected special praise for his heroic labors in bringing the whole tribe safely across, but nobody noticed him, and in a moment he returned to Pigeon and the horses.

Grandmother took charge of little

Bright Eyes while Spotted Fawn and Beaver Boy put on dry garments, and then the caravan was ready to move on again. This time Beaver Boy and Pigeon rode on the backs of Lightning and Thunder, and Spotted Fawn herself led Wicaka with the travois bumping along behind him.



Little Eagle.

VII
THE SUGAR TREES

VII

THE SUGAR TREES

All day the long, straggling procession kept its way across hills and through valleys, until late in the afternoon they reached a high spot which overlooked many miles of open country.

There were trees enough here to screen them from possible enemies, while at the same time they could keep watch in every direction. Here Grandfather called a halt, and in a moment the packs were lifted from the backs of the horses, the travois were taken apart and became tent poles again, and, like a group of mush-

rooms pushing through the ground, a circle of tepees stood on the brow of the hill under the trees, and the tribe was at home again.

That night they ate only raw meat, for Grandfather had seen smoke rising from beyond a low hill in the distance, and if it should come from the camp of hostile Indians, the smoke of their own fires might be the signal for an attack.

By sundown every one was in bed except two lone watchers, who guarded the camp and kept the hobbled horses from straying too far away.

The next day and the next, and many days after that, the tribe plodded along, until finally one cold, brisk morning they saw before them the groves of maple and birch trees which they had come so far to seek.

No sooner were the tepees set up and fires started, than Grandmother and Spotted Fawn and all the other women of the camp were out with their axes to see if the sweet sap had begun to flow. They made little cuts in the bark and stuck clean chips in the cuts, and when the sap began to drip, they set birchen buckets to catch the sweet liquid.

Soon all through the grove there was a steady drip — drip — drip from the trees. Now Grandmother, Spotted Fawn, and the other women hurried to clean out the birch-bark hut which had been built the year before for the sugar making, and they drove two strong forked sticks into the earth floor and laid a stout pole across from one crotch to the other. On this pole they hung a row of kettles.

While Beaver Boy and Pigeon and the other children gathered piles of sticks and broken branches for the fires, Grandmother and Spotted Fawn hollowed out a birch log like a canoe, to hold the sap.

Soon every one in camp was busy. Some were tending fires; some were emptying the sap buckets into the hollowed log; others were watching the boiling sap, and as for the children, they ran in and out, getting underfoot everywhere.

It may be that Grandmother remembered when she was a child and went to wonderful sugar parties in the woods. Anyway, when the sap began to boil, she called Pigeon and Beaver Boy and gave them each a clean little wooden paddle.

"Here, children," said she, and she

winked a little wink at Spotted Fawn as she said it, "here are two little paddles, and it is your work to watch the boiling syrup, and now and then cool a few drops on the snow and taste it to see if it is done. When it is waxy and you can chew it, call me."

Beaver Boy and Pigeon were good, helpful children, and they did just as Grandmother said. They tasted and *tasted* and *tasted*, and nobody said, "You mustn't," or "You will make yourselves sick," or anything like that.

They tasted until their hands were so sticky they could hardly pull their fingers apart, and, as for their mouths! well, I should hate to tell you what they looked like! But then, all the hands and mouths of all the other children looked just the same, and

that was only the first day of the sugar making, too.

With all the tasting that went on in camp there was very little left in the kettles that night, and the next day was almost as bad, but by the third day there were a good many children in that camp who thought they would not care to see any more maple sugar for a long, long time.

Then Grandmother and Spotted Fawn began to put the sugar away in little birch boxes trimmed with porcupine quills to be saved for use all through the long year until the next sugar making.

They hid these boxes away under the edge of the tepee, but there the squirrels soon found them, and after that Beaver Boy and Red Feather and the other boys in camp were busy

every day hunting squirrels with their bows and arrows.

There were so many of them, and the boys hunted them so hard, that every day there was squirrel stew, or broiled squirrel, or squirrels roasted in the ashes for them to eat until they were all tired of them.

They hunted porcupines too, and Spotted Fawn made combs out of their tails; and she made a beautiful new suit out of the skin of a deer that Red Feather shot, and trimmed it with red and green porcupine quills. Of course, quills do not grow red and green on the porcupines' backs, but Spotted Fawn knew how to dye them in beautiful bright colors.

Beaver Boy wore this new suit for the first time at the dance they had to celebrate the return of the hunters

when they rode in triumph into the sugar camp bringing fresh meat enough to last for a long, long time.

Pigeon, too, was all dressed up at that dance. She wore her best white doeskin trimmed with tiny shells, which tinkled when she walked like little bells.

She wore ever so many strings of bright-colored beads, too, and was almost as splendid as Beaver Boy himself.

A long, happy summer followed the sugar making. In the warm summer days all the children ran about everywhere with almost no clothing on, and every day was full of adventure. There were races on foot and on horseback. There were games and contests. There were long days in the woods, when they held play coun-

cils and danced as their fathers did. And every day and every day Beaver Boy never forgot how much he wanted to be brave. He practiced and practiced doing the things he was afraid to do. He went alone into the woods at night. He stared at an owl while it hooted at him, and did not run away.

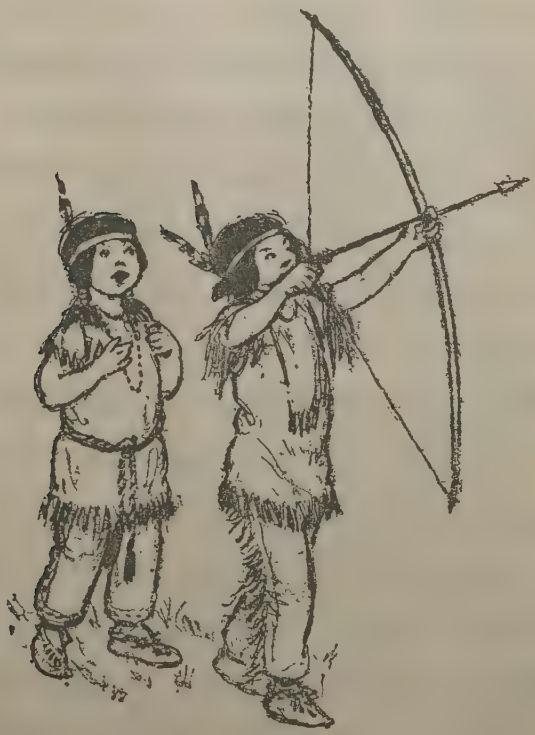
One time he stripped off his clothes and went out to fight the bees and take away their honey, and if you'll believe it, though they stung him thirty-two times, he never screamed once! He just ran as fast as he could run to a puddle, and Pigeon plastered him all over with mud to cure the stings. Though the angry bees followed him to the puddle and stung Pigeon twice, she didn't scream either, but kept right on putting mud on Beaver Boy; so she was brave, too.

There was another day when Red Feather blacked his face with charcoal to show that he was fasting, and got Beaver Boy to black his face, too, and go all day without anything to eat or drink.

All that long day, Smoke-in-the-Eyes and the other boys tormented them by eating good things in front of them and offering them bites, but in spite of it all, neither Beaver Boy nor Red Feather tasted a single mouthful nor drank a drop of water until the next day, and if you think that's an easy thing to do, just try it yourself! Every day, too, he practiced shooting with his bow and arrows while Pigeon stood by to watch him.

Of course, every day Beaver Boy grew braver and braver, and Pigeon

grew braver, too. She very seldom cried or screamed now when things happened to scare her, as they quite often did.



She didn't even scream on the day that she and Beaver Boy were left alone with the baby and Grand-

mother, and a black bear came nosing about the camp.

Instead she ran to warn Grandmother, who had Bright Eyes in the tepee, while Beaver Boy seized a burning brand from the fire and ran right toward the bear with it!

He gave such fearful war whoops as he ran that the bear went lumbering off through the woods as fast as he could go.

Wicaka helped some. He barked and barked, but he kept backing off at the same time, until he saw the bear start to run; then he ran boldly after him and barked louder than ever.

When the bear was quite out of sight, he came back with his ears up and his tail wagging as if he had done it all himself.

Of course, Beaver Boy knew that

all animals are afraid of fire, but that was a brave thing to do just the same.

I should like to tell you about the good times they had, as well as the brave times.

They hunted wild strawberries in the "moon of strawberries," and later in the summer they gathered blueberries and blackberries and cherries, and helped their mother make bags and bags and bags of wasna to take back with them to their winter camp beside the river.

During the "moon of raspberries," they camped beside a lake, and Grandfather made a beautiful birch-bark canoe, and then went out in it to gather wild rice and store it away for winter use. Often and often Beaver Boy and Pigeon went with him. They loved to make water paths

among the long stalks and help shake the ripe kernels into the bottom of the boat.

All summer long their wise Grandmother taught them about trees and plants and birds and animals, and in the long summer evenings she told them fairy tales.

One day their father brought them a baby bear for a pet, and in the middle of the night the mother bear came right into camp and took it away with her into the woods, and Wicaka never barked once. They had other pets. There were tame rabbits and a squirrel that ran all over them and ate nuts from their hands, and a wild pigeon that would fly down and alight on their shoulders. All the little children in the camp played with these pets, and nobody hurt them at all.

With all these games and adventures, and all their pets to play with, and with evenings full of songs, stories, and dances about the camp fires, the summer passed over their heads like a bird-shadow and flew away.

The days grew shorter and shorter, the nights grew cold and frosty, and at last it was time for the tribe to return to their winter camp in the hills beside the flowing river.

They had much to carry back with them, for it had been a summer of great plenty. There were quantities of dried buffalo and bear meat and venison, and there were hides and furs enough to keep them snug and warm all winter.

There were stores of roots they had stolen away from the beavers and from the field mice. There was wild

rice, and even corn and potatoes, which the women had raised on little patches of open ground near the camp.

The tribe was rich, as Indians counted riches; and they all were happy.

One October evening just after the sun went down, Grandfather called every one in the village to be ready at daybreak the next morning to start back over the long trail.

The Chief and the warriors were to go all the way with the tribe on the return journey, for they were going back by a different route, which took them for a short distance through country belonging to the Ojibways, and they must be ready for an attack at any moment.

For three days they went cautiously

forward, keeping close watch and building no fires when they camped at night. They had almost reached the borders of the enemy's territory, when early one morning they were roused by the terrible owl call which was not made by owls at all, but by a roving band of Ojibways, and in another instant a battle was raging all about the camp, and dreadful things were happening.

Though they were terribly frightened, neither Beaver Boy nor Pigeon screamed. They knew now better than ever why little Indians must never, never cry. They hid like rabbits with their mother and the baby behind bushes in a ravine, until Chief Two Bears and his warriors had driven the war party away and they could safely come out again

The Ojibways stampeded the horses as they left, and Thunder and Lightning and Sleepy Eye and all the others ran away ever so far, and brave Red Feather went scouting in the enemy country to find them and bring them safely back again.

By and by, after many days in which all these things and a great many more had happened, there came a bright afternoon when they reached their old camping ground once more. Again the buffalo-skin tents stood beside the flowing river just as if they had never gone away at all, and to Beaver Boy and Pigeon it seemed then as if the whole bright summer had been only a dream from which they had just awakened.

VIII

"I AM A MAN TO-DAY"

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"I AM A MAN TO-DAY"

The children were hardly settled in their old home again, when one day-break, just after Grandfather had made the dawn call, Red Feather came to the door flap of their tent. Chief Two Bears and Spotted Fawn were already up and away before the call came, and the Twins and Bright Eyes were alone in the tent.

"Hi, there!" called Red Feather, prodding Beaver Boy with the end of his bow case. "Get up, lazybones!"

Beaver Boy opened one eye and looked at him sleepily. Then he stretched his arms and legs and sat up. Pigeon had popped up at once.

"Did you come to see the baby's new tooth?" she demanded. "He's got one!"

"Huh!" snorted Red Feather, "what's that? All babies get 'em. It would be queer if they didn't. I didn't come to see new teeth. I'm going hunting for ducks over by Deerhead Lake."

Beaver Boy was wide awake in an instant.

"Me, too?" he asked.

Red Feather nodded. "You can come along if you like," he said.

Beaver Boy "liked" very much indeed. He popped out of bed in a hurry.

"I'm with you," he said, giving himself a shake, and, leaving Pigeon to observe the new tooth by herself, the two boys seized a bag of wasna,

and went off chewing it toward the meadow to get their horses.

Pigeon looked after them a little wistfully. Boys were queer. They didn't seem to like to have girls go hunting with them.

"I'd rather play with the baby, anyway," she said to herself, comfortingly.

When they reached the meadow, Beaver Boy gave the Bob White call, and in another minute he was on Lightning's back. Red Feather was already mounted and moving off toward the forest.

"This way," he shouted, "follow me. The trail goes through the woods," and he plunged in among the tall pines.

This trail was not much traveled, and Beaver Boy did not know it at

all, but Red Feather had been that way before, and it is not easy for an Indian boy to get lost in the woods.

He went boldly forward, and Beaver Boy followed closely in his wake. It was still very early in the morning, and the tall pines made such a thick canopy above their heads that it seemed almost like night under the trees.

Beaver Boy would not have let Red Feather know it for anything, but even with his summer's practice, he felt a little as he did in the night long ago when the wolves howled. He looked about him on all sides, fearing that he might see a pair of eyes looking at him out of the shadows or a dark form slinking about among the trees, but he saw nothing more than a flash of wings now and then and heard noth-

ing but the cry of crows overhead, the whir as a grouse rose out of sight, and once the hoot of an owl.

On and on they rode, for several miles, until at last they came to a little stream that flowed down a ravine. They followed this stream until they saw before them broad daylight shining between the tree trunks and came out upon a great open space.

Here the stream dashed down over rocks and stones until it emptied itself into the blue waters of the lake.

For a moment the two boys sat still on their horses to look at the beautiful scene before them. Then they quietly dismounted, and, tying Lightning and Sleepy Eye out of sight among the trees, made their way to the borders of the lake.

The land sloped gently to the water's edge, and along the margin tall grass and reeds hid the line where land ceased and water began.

Near the shore they saw a flock of wild ducks, and farther out a loon was diving and swimming about, now and then breaking the silence to bits with his strange, wild cry.

Here and there points of land jutted out into the water, hiding distant parts of the lake from view, and a little island, covered with trees and underbrush, lay near the shore.

The wild creatures seemed not to notice the boys as they crept quietly along the shore line, hidden by the tall grass and reeds.

Beaver Boy drew an arrow from his quiver and was just about to aim at a duck with beautiful blue and green

in its plumage when Red Feather stopped him.

"Ninny," he said sharply, "don't you see if you kill him out there in the deep water, you can't pick him up? We've got to get them as well as shoot them or they are no good to us!"

Beaver Boy felt ashamed that he had not thought of that himself.

"If we only had a canoe!" said Red Feather.

"But we haven't," said Beaver Boy mournfully.

They trudged along in silence. It was maddening to the young hunters to see the birds so near and yet to be unable to get them.

The sun was shining brightly and the air seemed very still. Red Feather wet his finger and held it up.

"The wind is coming from the east,

what there is of it," he said. "We might go out on that point over there. If we kill any birds, I think there is enough wind to blow them in shore."

They walked on until they reached the end of the rocky point. It was an ideal spot for hunters. Shrubs and rocks made a hiding place from which they could see in every direction without being seen.

Red Feather took his place behind a rock to watch for ducks, and Beaver Boy, farther down on the point, hid behind a low growing bush at the water's edge.

For some time they waited, still as mice, and nothing at all happened.

Then suddenly Beaver Boy heard the beating of wings and the whistle of an arrow just over his head, and saw a duck fall into the water, then

float lazily toward shore bringing the arrow with it.

Again they waited, and Beaver Boy began to feel sleepy. Duck hunting wasn't quite so exciting as he had thought it would be.

Just then he noticed a little stir among the branches on the edge of the island, and a young doe stepped to the water's edge and, after looking cautiously about, plunged into the water and began to swim directly toward the point of land where the boys were hidden.

Beaver Boy's sleepiness vanished in an instant. His heart thumped so he was afraid the doe might hear it. He knew Red Feather was watching for ducks and his back was turned so that he would not see the doe unless he called to him. If he called, she would

certainly hear and swim back to cover at once.

He kept still and drew his sharpest arrow from his quiver and held his breath. The wind was toward the shore, so the doe would not be likely to get their scent.

Beaver Boy braced himself and waited. It was not for long. The distance between the island and the point was short, and the doe was a swift swimmer. Only her pretty head and ears showed above the surface of the water as she came toward him. On and on she swam, suspecting nothing.

Now she was scrambling up the slope; now she was right beside the clump of bushes where Beaver Boy was hidden! She stopped for an instant to shake off the water, and in that

instant Beaver Boy aimed his arrow at her heart.

Ping! sang the arrow! Though the doe was wounded, she managed to keep her feet and bounded away toward the woods so swiftly that for an instant Beaver Boy thought he had missed his aim. He rose from his hiding place and ran after her.

Red Feather had heard the first sound of her feet as she touched the shore, then the singing sound of Beaver Boy's arrow, and the next instant the thud of hoofs as the doe rushed past him.

He sprang from behind his rock, and joined Beaver Boy as he raced toward the woods. They came upon the pretty creature lying on the edge of the ravine, quite dead, with the arrow in her heart.

Beaver Boy had killed his first deer! He had killed his first deer, and he was only eight years old!

He was a hunter! He was a chief's son! He was a hero!

He thought of Smoke-in-the-Eyes! This was the flea that he had gone out to kill!

"Tail feathers tie on me! I am a man to-day!" he shouted, and he began to dance! What were chipmunks to him now? Red Feather danced with him. He was almost as proud as Beaver Boy himself.

No thought of pity entered the hearts of the two young savages, for Indians lived by hunting alone at that time, and the death of the doe meant food and comfort to those dearest to them. They had been taught to regard animals as their friends who

gave their lives to feed them. Their own lives were as constantly in danger from foes as were those of the wild creatures, and they killed only for food and for the warm fur pelts, never for sport, as some white men do.

Here was food enough, so there would be no more hunting for them that day, and they were eager to get back to camp.

Red Feather ran to the place where Lightning and Sleepy Eye were tethered and quickly freed them. Then he led them back to the spot where Beaver Boy stood guard beside his game.

Together they lifted the dead doe, laid it across Lightning's back, and tied the feet together so it could not slip. It was Beaver Boy's game, and

Beaver Boy's horse must bear it proudly back to camp.

To carry the doe and Beaver Boy both all the way would have been too much of a load for Lightning, so both boys mounted Sleepy Eye, and, leading Lightning by his tethering rope, started back through the woods.

Late that afternoon, as Pigeon was busy with her little knife helping her mother scrape a deerskin beside Grandmother's tepee, they suddenly heard a boy's voice shouting and singing. The sound came from the woods.

"My son's voice," cried Spotted Fawn.

"Beaver Boy!" shouted Pigeon.

They sprang to their feet and looked eagerly in the direction of the sound. All the village heard it, too, and at once there was the patter of many

feet as every one ran out to see who was coming so joyfully back to camp.

Nearer and nearer came the voice, and then out of the dark pine woods came Beaver Boy leading Lightning with the deer on his back, and singing his brave song at the top of his lungs!

"Ho, listen to me, Leaf Dwellers!" shouted Beaver Boy.

"Here am I, the Chief's son, with my first deer!
I alone killed it.
I hid in the bushes by the lake.
The doe came swimming toward me!
She climbed the bank beside me!
She shook water upon me from her flanks!
Then I drew my arrow tight against the bow-string.
Ping! sang the arrow!
She received it in her heart!
Tail feathers tie on me!
I am a man to-day!"

Ah, what a moment that was! All the boys and girls in the village came dancing and shouting about him. Red Feather, almost as proud as Beaver Boy himself, followed right behind him, and when he saw Smoke-in-the-Eyes, he ran out his tongue at him!

"This is the flea he went out to kill," shouted Red Feather, and all the boys and girls laughed at Smoke-in-the-Eyes.

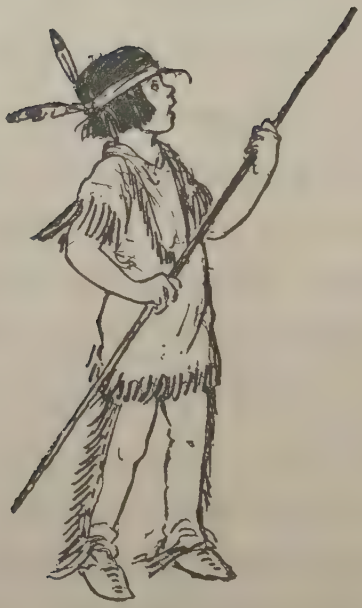
Past all the other tepees with the crowd following him went Beaver Boy, and when he reached his grandmother's lodge, he and Red Feather lifted the dead deer from Lightning's back and laid it at her door just as his father would have done had he brought home a deer.

It was a proud moment for his

mother and grandmother, and for Pigeon too, you may be sure, and as for Beaver Boy himself, if he had had a teaspoonful more of pride in him, I am sure he would have burst!

Grandmother and Spotted Fawn got out their knives at once and began to skin the deer and cut up the meat, while Pigeon minded the baby.

When their father got back to hear the news, all the pots in the village were bubbling. There was a wonderful smell in the air, and all the boys were dancing to the sound of a drum in honor of Beaver Boy's first deer.



IX
THE FEAST

IX

THE FEAST

The very next day Chief Two Bears held a council of all the men in the village, and it was decided that in two more days the hunters should set out again on the fall fur hunt.

The morning after the council meeting, as Beaver Boy and Red Feather were making a sling trap for rabbits down by the river, they were surprised to hear Grandfather's voice singing out a message to every one in the village.

"Ho, Dwellers among the Leaves," he cried. "To-morrow when the sun is high, Chief Two Bears bids you to

a feast in honor of his son, Beaver Boy."

Beaver Boy was so astonished that he couldn't believe his ears, and they were very good ears too, as ears go.

He had not heard a word about any feast being given for him. If Chief Two Bears had any thought about such a feast, he had certainly not said a word to any one, unless it was to Spotted Fawn, and if he said anything to her, she never told Beaver Boy.

Beaver Boy looked at Red Feather, and Red Feather looked at him, but neither one said a word.

They followed Grandfather about as he went his rounds among the tents, keeping out of sight among the trees, but near enough to hear quite plainly what he said.

There could be no mistake about it. The Chief was giving a party in honor of his son!

All that day Spotted Fawn in her tent and Grandmother in hers and Pigeon in both of them cooked and cooked and cooked, and the next morning Chief Two Bears went out long before daylight and came back bringing a wild turkey and two prairie chickens for the feast.

A great fire was built in the center of the circle of tepees, and here the wild fowl were buried, with all their feathers on, to roast in the ashes.

What a feast it was! There was venison and wild rice. There were bear steaks and potatoes, and bags and bags of wasna, besides the wild fowl, and every single child there had a nice round stick of maple-sugar

candy which Grandmother had moulded by pouring the boiling sap into hollow reeds.

After every one had eaten until he could eat no more, there were dances and games about the fire, and in the open meadow where the horses grazed there were races on horseback and a wonderful game of lacrosse.

By and by, when the sun was sinking toward the west, Chief Two Bears rose from his seat and, taking Beaver Boy by the hand, led him right out into the great circle where all the people of the village were gathered together, and when they reached the very middle, where every one could see them, he laid his hands on Beaver Boy's shoulders and said:

"This, my son Beaver Boy, has killed his first deer. But it is not for

that alone that this feast is given. All summer the men of the tribe have watched him. We have seen him prove his courage in the water and on land. We have seen him bear pain without complaint. We have seen him fast in the midst of food. He is now the worthy son of a chief, for he is without fear. He has earned for himself a new name."

Then Chief Two Bears called to Klah, the old medicine man of the tribe, to come forward. When Klah reached the middle of the circle, he placed his hand on Beaver Boy's shoulder and prayed:

"Great Mystery, hear our prayer. Look upon this little boy and bless him. Make him a brave man and a great warrior and worthy to wear forever the eagle feather of a chief's

son, and to bear the name which I now give to him."

Then he fastened on Beaver Boy's head the eagle feather which only a chief's son may wear.

"His name is no longer Beaver Boy, but Eagle Feather," said Klah, the medicine man.

Then Chief Two Bears led his son to a seat beside himself among the men, and everybody cheered and cheered.

And oh, the presents that the Chief gave away that day! There was a horse for Klah, and gifts of food and furs for poorer members of the tribe, for when an Indian father was very happy about his son, it was the custom in those days to give away many presents in his honor.

It was late when young Eagle

Feather went with his father and mother, Pigeon, and little Bright Eyes back to their own tepee for the night. The others were soon asleep, but young Eagle Feather was too proud and too excited to shut his eyes and slip away into dreamland at once.

For a long time he lay awake, listening to the sounds of laughter and singing about the camp and thinking over all the long, wonderful day.

By and by the sounds died away into silence, and the moon came sailing up over the eastern hills and looked down again upon the little village beside the river, just as it had on that March morning so long before when he had heard the wolves howling and had been afraid.

He looked up through the smoke

hole and saw the blue sky spangled with stars and heard again the sound of wind in the trees and of water flowing over stones in the river.

And again far away in the deep, deep woods came the howl of wolves. But this time, when he heard it, he no longer felt the shivers chase each other down his back. He no longer wished to hide under his mother's blanket. Instead he looked up at the friendly little star and whispered to himself:

"I'm not afraid any more. Great Mystery, I am *not* afraid." And this time it was true.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

The study of primitive life meets a special response from children because it exemplifies the childhood of the human race and corresponds to their own stage of development.

Some knowledge of Indian life is of particular importance to American children, not only because Indian history is an integral part of our national heritage, but because Indians have made definite contributions to our present-day life. For example, many of the vegetables which we use to-day were discovered and developed by Indians long years ago.

The wood-lore and wood-craft of the Indians taught the early settlers of this country many useful lessons. To a large extent they are the bases and inspiration for the training of Boy and Girl Scouts to-day. We have also adopted their games. For instance, Lacrosse and snowshoeing are Indian sports.

The complicated mechanism of modern life is the result of man's ingenuity in supplying the three prime necessities of life, food, shelter, and clothing. These three things compel the attention and effort of every human being. To know how these elemental problems were solved by primitive man gives a basis for understanding and measuring the progress of civilization.

The Indian Twins is adapted to use in the third and fourth grades. Even children eight or nine years old can be made to see that trade, commerce, invention, and all the complex activities of modern life are the natural result of man's effort to make life safe for himself and his family. To think of life in these simple terms leads naturally to the realization that these prime necessities form the basis, not only of national activities and industries, but, by reason of trade and commerce, of international relations as well. To lead children's thoughts along such lines as these stimulates them to real thinking for themselves.

All fiction may be said to be the development of the parable, and the story of Beaver Boy and Pigeon is, in a sense, a parable presenting the idea of courage as the fundamental virtue of primitive life — or of all life, in fact. Constant danger can be met only by constant courage and resourcefulness — and this

at once shows why such importance was given to the development of physical courage in Indian education. A discussion of the different kinds of courage, required in modern conditions, opens the door to thoughtfulness along lines of conduct.

Natural ways of using *The Indian Twins* in the schoolroom will at once suggest themselves to the resourceful teacher. First of all, conversation about the characters and incidents in the story develops power and discrimination in the use of language. The dignity and poetic quality of Indian speech may well be touched upon in this connection and illustrated by some authentic example of Indian eloquence or Indian poetry. The Indians invented many strange and beautiful legends to account for the wonders of nature, and these ideas were dramatized in their ceremonial dances. It will be of value to allow the children to learn something of the symbolism of some such ceremonial, and perhaps to present a "dance" themselves in the simple way in which they dramatize other things in the schoolroom. Incidents in the story of the Indian Twins may also be used as the basis of a play developed, written out, and presented by the children.

Indian material lends itself naturally to project work, and a model of the Indian village with its tepees as described in the story will excite keen interest. To make some of the things mentioned in the story, such as a dog travois, a bow and arrows, or a feather headdress, and to bring for exhibition such articles of Indian manufacture as may be available, will also be of value. Drawing, cutting, modeling, all offer means of developing that most important of mental exercises — clear vizualization.

Creative imagination can be further exercised by allowing the children to carry on the story, using characters from the book and inventing further exploits and adventures in accordance with Indian conditions and ideas.

Once having dipped into this fascinating subject, it is difficult to stop, but mention must at least be made of the possibility of studying the lives of such Indians as exemplify their best traditions and incarnate their best qualities. Such, for example, was Sacajawea, the Indian woman who guided through incredible hardships the Lewis and Clark Expedition which opened up the great Northwest.